THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A YEAR AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How glad was I one year ago,
Among the reddening clover,
And daisies like star-dotted snow,
To wander with my lover.

We used to follow down the stream,
To gather pale young lilies,
Rare bright blue-bells, flushed eglantine,
And golden daffodillies.

The while he spoke me pleasant words,
Right tenderly and loving,
And said the vows he made me then,
His whole life should be proving.

So I, like any other maid,
To love-life first awaking,
Happy and trusting, gave my heart,
For him to keep from breaking.

Now, all the witnesses I had
Of those sweet vows he'd spoken,
Lilies and daisies, all are dead—
He gave my heart back, broken.

I almost dread this year to see
The fields of reddening clover,
For well I know I cannot hope
To live last summer over.

REGINA.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XX.

In this strange life, where every sort of pleasure has *its nest from pain*, either preceding or concomitant—where love has its doubts and fears for the present, and fruition its apprehensions for the future, and success too often its regrets for the past—the sudden change from eager activity to tranquil calm, seems in itself so great a happiness that the spirit springs up with a bound, and one *is* almost tempted to throw away the peaceful blessing, and to compensate—if such compensation were possible—the pains, anxieties, and cares just gone, by tasting the exuberant cup of joy.

The past day had been to Lucy Langdale and her mother a time of danger and trouble and hourly trepidation; and now that they sat quietly in that old saloon, the contrast was strange and almost overpowering. Everything added to it also. When her first caprice or policy—be it which it would—had passed away, their hostess became really kind; and, when Bernard March returned, he seemed to have washed away from his mind all traces of thought and care when he had wiped out the stains of battle from his brow and hands. He was, perhaps, more gay and thoughtless than Lucy had ever seen him, and she herself felt that eagerness to grasp the fleeting moment of tranquillity which is too soon and too often felt in every troublous life.

"Ring that little bell at the door, Bernard," said the old lady; "they are making us wait wondrous long for our supper."

"Oh," answered the Cavalier, "the serving folks have to sup so many unexpected guests to-night, we must have patience."

But he rang the silver bell, notwithstanding; and in a few minutes after, it was announced that the meal was served in a neighboring chamber. Thither, with some ceremony, the lady of the mansion led the way. Lady Langdale and Lucy followed; but Bernard March lingered for a few moments, somewhat perhaps to Lucy's surprise. He was in the room, however, before any one was seated, and was not less gay and cheerful than before. He seemed to give himself up to that tranquillity and repose of mind which had for many days been interrupted by continual exertion or active strife. Misfortunes, sorrows and anxieties, cares and apprehensions, seemed forgotten, and that softer and gentler character which Sir Edward Langdale had, at one time, mistaken for effeminacy, re appeared in the tranquil leisure of that evening. He sang at the old lady's request, he examined the fine pictures with which she had stored the dining-room since he was last there; and he descanted, if not with the skill of an artist, at least with the knowledge of a connoisseur, upon the merits of the various styles and various pictures there displayed.

"Of all the painters of portraits that I know," said Lord Dartmoor, "that Sir Anthony Vandyke has, to my mind, the greatest power.—When I was in Italy, I saw several by the most renowned artists in the world—the admirable Leonardo—the glorious Titian; and even by him who has been called, not inaptly, the divine; but when I look at a picture such as that"—and he pointed to one hung against the opposite wall—"I feel there is a grace in it—a life-like, almost living charm about it, that sets the man before you as he moved, and spoke, and acted. There is not, perhaps, the richness of Titian's coloring; there is not the inspiration of Raphael's design; there may not even be the imaginative power of Leonardo; but there is displayed that faculty which allies the great painter to the epic poet, and enables him to seize and make his own the very inner heart of the character he represents."

He paused for a moment or two, and then added, half gaily, half sadly, twisting his fingers in the long, wavy hair of his promised bride,

"Dear Lucy, it is one of my hopeful dreams to think some day I shall have your portrait painted by such a hand as that."

"God grant it, Bernard," said Lady Langdale, though Lucy only answered by a faint smile; "how often it would have been a comfort to me beyond words, to have had such a picture of my dear husband—when he has been leaving me for scenes of strife and danger—when I knew not how soon, if ever, I should see him again."

"What a power has a great painter!" continued Bernard. "It is not alone for the present day he paints; but centuries hence men shall gaze upon that face and figure, and trace therein the feelings and the thoughts that are now working perhaps the weal or woe of thousands of our fellow-men. Then comes in history, to show what was the meaning of the lines upon the countenance, what passions or what sufferings impressed them there; and the pen shall be the comment on the pencil."

While he spoke, his hand withdrew from Lucy's hair, pressed gently upon hers, and hers were clasped as tenderly on his, while the old lady sat looking on with a smile that had something of good-humored malice in it.

"What, billing and cooing, my little dove?" she said, at length. "You little think what a hawk you have got for a mate."

"A falcon, but no hawk," answered Lucy, mildly; "would I had his picture, too, dear lady; there would be no bad lines there."

"He is a good looking youth enough," answered the old woman, "he was so from a boy, and sometimes he would look as gentle as an angel; but you should see him when his blood is up, and all the fierce fire of his race comes out! how it flashes in his eye, how it swells out his nostrils!"

"I have seen that noble fire this very day," answered Lucy, a little vexed; "but I know you are only jesting."

"This very day!" cried the other, "this very day! Have you had to fight for it, then, Bernard?"

"Yes, madam," answered Lady Langdale, "and nobly did he fight for his King, his country and his bride. Attacked by three times his own number, he has left few to tell the tale of his victory and their defeat."

"Hush, hush!" cried Bernard March, with a laugh; "dear Lady Langdale, you forget we are speaking of her friends the Roundheads. Make yourself easy, my kind old friend. I do not believe there is a rebel left between this and Banbury, that would not run at the first sight of a love-lock; and, moreover, if hereafter they should get the upper hand of us, and make strict inquiry how you came to shelter prelatists and malignants, especially that proclaimed traitor, Bernard, calling himself Earl of Dartmoor, you can but say it was upon compulsion, and there is old Hardcastle, who will swear to it."

"Fie, Bernard! you are a silly boy," answered the old lady; "when you were here last, you were grave enough, and I had hopes of you. Natural you should be grave, for they had got King Charles and—"

"Hush!" said Bernard March, solemnly, "he is a saint in heaven; and the time will come, I hope, and some here may live to see, when this land shall mourn for what it did unto the royal martyr."

"Well, God grant us peace!" said the old lady. "At seventy years of age one gets aweary of continual strife; and I have seen too much of it; but we forget our guests. They are doubtless tired, and will find a pillow pleasant. But I must hear more of this battle, or whatever it was. They will tell me as they disrobe; for I will not trust thee, Bernard.—Thou wilt boast of all manner of deeds; and yet I fancy I shall find one who will boast for thee. Come, dove, I will see you and your mother to your chamber, and will promise to love you very much, if you will engage not to marry that young man. Oh, he is a terrible malignant, men tell me, and you see how he can treat his own near relations."

With these words she led the way from the room into the neighboring hall where they had first found her; but at the door she stopped short; for she found two armed men pacing up and down in the guise of sentinels.

"Why, who are these?" she exclaimed in a tone of indignation and vexation, turning towards Bernard, who followed.

"Only my sentries, dear lady," he answered, "you forget that you are in contumacy to my King, King Charles. This house is in my possession in his name. I occupy this lower floor, and my posts are placed wherever I lodge. It is a rule which has no exception."

"Well, sir, well," said the old lady, turning away with a look of much indignation; but at the door she stopped, saying, in a smoother tone, "Hardcastle will show you to your room, sir. I suppose I am not expected to be groom of the chamber to gentlemen, my lord."

"I am always my own," replied Lord Dartmoor with a bow, and calmly saw her depart.

When she was gone, Bernard paused for a moment or two in thought. Then raising his voice he said,

"Pierrot Lagrange, place yourself at that door; Lancey at that. Wait for orders, and obey them promptly." He then stopped till he saw the two men at their posts, standing in the midst of the hall, and gazing up at a large picture of a gentleman on horseback, with a leading staff in his hand. Then advancing he pushed a chair under the picture, and ran his fingers along the large frame. At one point he paused, and seemed to press hard, when suddenly the whole picture, frame and all, moved back; and Bernard said, in a loud and clear voice, but with perfect calmness, "come down!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Come down, sir," repeated Lord Dartmoor, in a tone firm enough; but not menacing. "I know every recess of this house, and all its secret places as well as you do, at least. Your person is safe, if your hands have not been dipped in the blood of the martyr. If they have, other voices must judge you—not mine."

"My hands have been dipped in no blood but mine own," replied a deep voice, from within the opening which the removal of the picture exposed to view; and the next moment there appeared, like a portrait in a frame, a tall, somewhat stout man in a costume, very different, perhaps, from that which any one there present expected to see. It was that of a monk, with the dim garments floating round him, and his hand resting on a rosary of black beads hanging from his girdle. His face, as far as the general features went, was quite calm, though stern and grave, but his dark eye was wandering and uncertain—not flashing or excited, but with the small, contracted pupil and constant movement which one often sees in some kinds of insanity. Yet his manner was quite tranquil, as if every thought, gesture, and expression were under full command. He looked first at Lord Dartmoor, and then at each of the sentinels; then at Lord Dartmoor again, and then at the two men; but there was nothing of fear or trepidation in the glance he gave either. It was merely an unquiet, restless motion of the eye, which seemed habitual.

It was all very rapid, and at length he spoke.

"What want you with me?" he said, in the same deep, gloomy tones. "If you suppose I am hiding here for my own security, you are mistaken. I only condescended to enter this place to shield a lady from persecutions. For my own life I ask nothing. Who takes the burden off my shoulders puts it on his own. I am weary of it, and would fain put it down; but, whosoever you are, you will comprehend—at least I judge so, from the words I have heard—that you are neither serving the cause you advocate nor the religion you profess, in forcing me to disclose myself thus prematurely."

His language and manner were good; though there was a strong foreign accent upon his tongue which seemed to show that he was not a native of the British Isles; but upon the Earl of Dartmoor his words seemed to produce an embarrassing effect, for he was a moment without reply. It must be remembered that, in the struggles of what is called the "Great Rebellion," the imprudence of the King's friends—or, at least, of those who wished him well—proved more disastrous to his cause than the strength and vigor of his enemies; that the strong and determined adherence of his partisans to the side of the Church of England brought upon them the accusation of a leaning towards the ancient faith of Rome, and that those who were merely attached to the union of Church and State—as the first, purest, and most certain safeguard against submission to any foreign jurisdiction over the church—were charged with being desirous in reality of subjecting the Anglican Episcopacy to a foreign influence.

To find, then, in the house of his near relation, a monk belonging to a papistical order, was not a little embarrassing to Lord Dartmoor, not from any of the prejudices or fanaticisms which divided the parties that then ruled England, but from the political results which were likely to ensue whichever party gained the temporary ascendancy in the strife then immediately going on. How to shape his own conduct, too, was a question of no slight difficulty; for to draw the least suspicion of favoring the abhorred religion upon the royal cause, was at once to alienate one of the most powerful fragments which had just been brought to reunite themselves in support of the monarchy. To the Presbyterians of the Scottish army, then in the field for King Charles, the Roman Catholic faith was even a greater abomination than to the Independants of the Parliamentary army, who were very willing to admit the services of any one, be his religion what it would, who would forward the predominance of the anarchical objects they had in view. We all know what it is to give occasion for a cry against a man, or against a body, and this it is which has given the great power to political names.

Nor was the Earl unaware of the danger of any one of his house seeming even to lean towards that church against which the cry of late years had been so fierce and strong. The words of the monk, too, were true for the most part. He felt that certainly he had not served the royal cause, in forcing him to discover himself, and that it was not improbable that a man so bold as to tread the soil of England in that habit, would only submit to concealment for the sake of those to whom he was much beholden.

All these and many other considerations crossed his mind in that brief interval of thought, but then he answered,

"Will you descend? you are quite safe; but it is necessary I should speak a few words with you."

"Safety?" said the monk, with a scoff, "what care I for safety? If I wanted safety, why did I come here? Nor do I see of what use are words between us. You have done your worst, young man, in discovering me to those two soldiers;" and as he spoke, he came down with a firm tread upon the table, and then upon the floor.

"You are mistaken," replied Lord Dartmoor, "these two men are faithful and subordinate, and will, I know, obey my orders to the letter."

"Ay!" answered the other, "like all the rest—obey man, and forget God! I was once such myself—proud, vain, wilful, till the curse of Cain fell upon me; and I raised my hand against a brother's life. But glory be to Him on high, who sent the remorse and the punishment betimes, who let not the crime be fully consummated, yet kept me in ignorance of His great grace till that grace had worked the subjugation of my heart! Why I saw him fall!" he continued, grasping Lord Dartmoor's arm, while his eyes rolled almost maniacally, "I saw his blood flow like water on the ground. I passed through years of penance and remorse—long, long years; and then by the mercy of the Holy Virgin, I learned that the crime had not been complete; and I learned still more—much more; that the sin I had committed was nothing to the hardness of heart, and vain glory, and deceit and worldly lusts which had produced that sin; that far from returning to the same frame of mind, and seeking the same objects, and pursuing the same paths, I must mourn and do penance for the corruption that was in me, and receive the crime I was permitted to attempt, as a warning from on high, and the blessed tidings that it had failed as an exhortation from the Queen of Heaven to dedicate every earthly thought to her. But what signifies my talking so to you? You cannot understand me."

"Not fully," replied Lord Dartmoor, "but I may comprehend, in part. I have lived long among persons of your religious persuasion, and can perceive that you thought you had committed a great crime, and have done ample penance for it. Let it then be forgotten. The crime, it seems, was not really committed, and your long repentance must have blotted out the offence."

"No, no!" cried the monk, "you mistake, young man—you mistake the principles and force of my faith—the true faith, the ancient faith, the faith of saints, and martyrs, and apostles. I mistook once, and I thought that by doing penance for the act, I could atone for its motives; but not so, young man, not so. I have learned to do penance for the feelings and the desires and the pride that instigated it. You have heard of Cain. Even your heresy tells you of his crime and its consequences; but think—only think—of what must have been his feelings, when he saw before him his brother lie dead upon the grass, the first sight of death which had darkened the sunshiny universe. Was it the knowledge alone that he was a murderer, that that awful act was his? Oh, no! There was much more. Up before his eye, rose at that moment, the prophetic foresight of all to which that act was to give rise; and more, far more; the cloud was removed from his sight, and he saw how, step by step, desire had grown into envy, and envy into hatred, and both into contempt of God and of His word; and then came upon him the glory of the Almighty, and was to him, not a blessing, but a curse. I have felt it all, young man; but no one who has not felt it can know it."

He spoke in the same earnest manner, and with the same sort of wild vehemence which had more or less characterized all he had hitherto said; but the language he used was English, and though there was that strong foreign accent, the words were good and well chosen, as if the tongue was or had been familiar to him.

Bernard March was—unusual thing for him—somewhat puzzled how to act.

"You know, I presume," he said, "that your presence in this country, is very dangerous to yourself, especially at this time."

"What care I for danger?" replied the man, "men fear who have some blessings to live for. I have none. The momentary pain, the long repose of death, the ending of all fear, and sorrow, and regret, the committal of one's self solely to the unfailing mercy of the most High, what is there to fear in that? But yet you are right in one sense. I have duties to perform before I die, or the voluntary atonement is not made. When that is accomplished, I am ready to depart."

"Well, then," replied the Earl, "let us speak of what is best for your safety till the end is gained. I will not attempt to hide from you, that had I known whom I should find behind that frame, it should have remained still and unmoved by me; but my good cousin here, is a strange and somewhat changeable person; and I thought, perchance, to find one of those who had dipped their hands in the blood of my murdered master. I knew not what might be her religion now. She was once a friend and follower of the martyred Laud. She may now, for aught I know, be a frequenter of the tabernacle or meeting-house."

"She, she!" cried the monk, with a loud laugh, "she is as pure a Catholic Christian as I am. Why else am I here?"

"Why you are here, I know not," answered Lord Dartmoor.

"Then I will tell you," said the other, interrupting his unfinished sentence, "I am here first to perform my own high duty, and next to visit, and strengthen, and console the poor and scattered remnant of true believers on this heretical and blood-stained soil, to guide the doves among the serpents, and show them how they may best escape the snares of the enemy. Weak women—and your cousin is weak though wise, are prone to yield to force and fear. Their only refuge is in that holy subtlety which is authorized by the very text of Scripture. They may still be as innocent as doves, although they be as wise as serpents."

"A quotation perhaps not rightly read," said the Earl; "and so my good cousin Janet is a good Romanist? God grant her comfort in her faith; and far be it from me to shake it. But tell me—have you found your way in this garb, through a country where so many really abhor the doctrines of your church, and where so many more affect to do so, either from fear or policy—have you ventured this and escaped?"

"From one side of the country to the other, well nigh," replied the monk, "have I gone, without interruption. Men have looked askance at me, perhaps; but I heed not men's looks. Men have growled something in their throats; but I can close my ears to foolish sounds. I have begged a cup of water and a piece of bread, as I passed, but nothing more; and some have called me mad; but all have given the little that I asked, while a few have added the *benedicite*. Here only did I consent to conceal myself; for the weak old woman feared that my presence in her house might bring evil upon her."

"She was wise, not weak," replied Lord Dartmoor; "but how found you your way hither? Your friends are scattered and spread wide; and most are, like good lady Janet, afraid to confess their faith, in the bitter persecution that now reigns. Had you any guide or directions?"

"Guide, I had none," answered the other, "but my directions were ample. Look here!" and he drew forth an old and worn catalogue of names, written closely on several sheets of paper; "I have visited every one but sixty on all this list," he continued, "and the rest shall be visited too, before all is over."

He held out the papers as he spoke; and the young Earl took and read them hastily.

"Enough, and more than enough," said Lord Dartmoor, with a sigh, "to have placed their sovereign back upon his ancient throne, if they had but used all the power which wealth and influence afford them. This shows indeed, that in popular commotions, fear and hesitation are more strong than armies against those who have only the support of a good cause."

"Take care, my lord! take care!" cried Sergeant Loftus, suddenly throwing himself between his young leader and the monk, who by a quick movement had placed his hand beneath his robe.

But the friar looked at him with a contemptuous smile, saying,

"Fool! see what is the dull thickness of thy prejudice. It is but an image of the Saviour, who died for thee and me, the constant memory of whose suffering is needful to enable us to bear our own;" and he drew forth a small, ebony cross, with an ivory figure of Christ stretched in His agony upon it.

He kissed the crucifix with reverence, and then put it in his bosom again; but Bernard March turned to the soldier, saying,

"There is no fear, my good friend. Now leave me and this man; and take your place on the other side of the door. Pierrot, retire into the other room, and wait till I call you."

The men obeyed, though it must be admitted with some reluctance and suspicion, for Loftus had all the prejudices of the English soldier, and hated and doubted every papist, he knew not and cared not why; and Pierrot had too many memories of the siege of Rochelle about him not to have a bias as strong, though somewhat more reasonable, in the same direction.

When they were gone, the young Earl took the monk's hand in a kindly manner, saying—

"Be seated, my good friend. Though I be what you would call an heretic, and by no means a latitudinarian, I reverence all sincere convictions, though different from my own. You are, I am sure, sincere; and I am as willing as my good cousin to do all I can for you."

"I want nothing from any one," replied the monk, casting himself down into a chair; "of you, especially, I ask nothing but to-morrow to let me go quietly on my way, fulfil my mission, and then meet any fate which may be in store for me."

"Hear me to an end," answered Lord Dartmoor, calmly but gravely; "you do not yet understand your own position or mine. Do you know that hostile armies are gathering round this very spot?"

"I have heard something of the kind," answered the other; "but what care I for armies?"

"Do you know that the soldiers of either army would think they did good service in shedding your blood?" continued Bernard March. "You say you have an object to accomplish, a mission to fulfil. What becomes of either, if by your own imprudence you lose your life before either is attained?"

The monk looked gloomily on the ground, but answered nothing, and the Earl went on:

"I wish to give you advice, but it must be followed implicitly to be of any service. You cannot leave this house upon your journey to-morrow, whatever be its end and object. You are here in security. Elsewhere you meet death; I myself, leaving all those most dear to me, must go forward, whatever be the result."

"Cannot I go with you?" exclaimed the monk, abruptly.

"No," said the Earl, in a decided tone; "I cannot bring upon the King's cause the accusation of favoring a religion which is viewed with hatred, not only by those opposed to him, but by those especially who are now his strongest and best supporters. You must remain here till the fate of the next battle is decided. How it may end, who on this earth can say? But it is wise to provide against all contingencies, though we fear none. It may be this fortunate General—this Cromwell—this King slayer—"

"God's curse upon him!" said the monk.

"Who is now rapidly following my royal master," continued Bernard, without noticing his words, "may once more, by his high qualities, which are many, or by our faults, which are not few, command success. I may fall upon the field, be taken prisoner, be so wounded as to be incapable of giving help or counsel. In that case, if you will throw off these garments, assume the dress of an English layman, and act as guide to the ladies I have here, you may do good service to the most faithful servants of King Charles, pursue your journey, and accomplish your own purposes, whatever they may be. You must well know the face of this country of England after your long wanderings?"

"Every inch of it," replied the other, bending his head; "but the garb, how can I cast that off? Even when I was ordained a priest, I retained the frock, which in penitence of heart I had assumed."

"Your own faith, as well as your own security, justify such an act in such circumstances," said the Earl; "would that both were not often held to justify much more! Unless you do this you can be of no service to me or to yourself. But before I proceed I must have your promise."

The monk waved his hand, and bent his eyes upon the ground, remaining several moments in profound meditation. Heaven knows what thoughts occupied his mind, what deep subtleties which in his days and in his church so often engaged the thoughts and influenced the actions of men; but in the end he raised his head suddenly, and said,

"I will do it. What next, young man! Where shall I get those garments? I have none but these."

"They shall be provided for you," replied Lord Dartmoor, "there must be many a man in my party whose suit will fit you, if some of mine will not. Now mark me: you must return to your place of concealment. A bed shall be brought there, for from what I saw through the window, they had no time to place one—"

"I sleep in no bed," rejoined the monk.

"Well, then," said the Earl, "three men shall be left behind with you. Two of them speak French, which, doubtless, you understand, and one is an Englishman who may be of use in time of need. As soon as I know what turn affairs have taken, if I come not myself, some messenger shall reach you. Should it be needful to fly, the men and the ladies will be collected immediately at a small postern door at the back of this building, with a horse for yourself—you can ride, I suppose?"

The monk smiled with a contemptuous look; but merely replied,

"Go on! How shall I find my way to this postern door? where is it?"

"It leads to the most wooded part of the park," said Lord Dartmoor; "but you have no occasion to seek it through the open ground. There is a way through the house. Just facing the back of this picture there is a mirror. You can draw it back; and though the glass itself is but small, a large part of the wainscot will follow it. It leads to a narrow passage without light, but, feeling by the wall, it will bring you straight to the door I have mentioned. A spring lock will give you exit. Close all behind you, and leave as little trace as possible of your having been here at all. No use of implicating this good lady."

"You are thoughtful!" said the monk, "but, tell me, who are those ladies whom I am to guide?"

Lord Dartmoor thought for a moment, and then replied,

"The eldest you may call Countess de Mirepoix, the younger is her daughter."

"And whither am I to lead them?" was the next question. "I am not accustomed to travel with women, and love not the task. The sooner it is over the better."

"Assuredly," answered the Earl, somewhat dryly. "In case of any mishap which may, perhaps, befal the royal arms, it were safer for all to take refuge in Holland, and passage will be more easily obtained from the eastern than from the western side of the island. Pass straight across the country to Huntingdonshire tending towards St. Neots. There you can leave the ladies and their servants, and make your way straight to the Wash, in the neighborhood of Lynn. There you will find shipping easily and safely, too, if you be prudent."

"But where are the women to be left?" asked the monk. "I would see them beyond danger were it possible."

"Every place is dangerous in these times," said the Earl, with a very grave face; "but yet, perhaps, there is one place where they may find some security. There is a house called Buckly, not far from St. Neots, which at one time was sequestrated by the Parliament. But

by some caprice, I learn, or perhaps by some more generous motive, the sequestration has been raised, the sequestrator removed, and a few old servants allowed to return and abide there. But you look strangely, my good friend. Do you know the place?"

"But slightly," said the monk, with his eyes wandering over the ground. "I was there many years ago for a short time; but I can find it. Go on."

"Leave the ladies there, then, till they hear more, and then make the best of your way to Lynn. Is there anything I can do for you? You have had food of course."

The man gave a cynical smile, and answered,

"The presence of your two men was security enough that I should have none. Bread and water is all that I take; but that, I fear, must be had; for I am quite faint. I would gladly have a lamp, too, and some means of trimming it."

"You shall have all you desire," replied the Earl, "and to-morrow people shall be sent to attend further to your wants."

The monk bowed his head not ungracefully; and the young nobleman calling in Pierrot, gave him the necessary orders. While the good man was gone, the monk, as if to fill up the time, said, in a low tone, but fixing his eyes upon the Earl's face:

"I would fain know your name, my son."

"Men call me the Earl of Dartmoor," said the other; "but it matters little what they call that which to-morrow may be a heap of dust. My plain name is Bernard March."

"Earl of Dartmoor! Bernard March!" murmured the monk; "and Countess of Mirepoix, too!" and as soon as Pierrot had brought what he desired, he stepped upon the chair, entered the little secret chamber, and drew the picture over the aperture.

Bernard March then called the men to him, gave them strong injunctions to secrecy and silence, and adding, "Send old Hardcastle to me," sat down and covered his eyes with his hands. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number. For $5, *in advance*, one copy is sent three years—or four copies sent to one direction for one year.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States Postage.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Hewitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise."
	Author of "The Ebony Casket," &c., &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The latest dates contain simply a repetition of former rumors—though the weight of opinion seems now decidedly to incline to the view that war, sooner or later, is inevitable. France, to the universal astonishment, had expressed herself in favor of a general disarmament before the contemplated Congress takes place—which astonishment was not lessened, when she averred that, for herself, she had not armed, but was still on a peace footing! The preparations of Louis Napoleon are said not to be such yet as would warrant an immediate opening of hostilities—several months more being required to make all ready for the infernal discord. Austria, some think,—and it is reported that so also thinks her young Emperor—is acting unwisely by not attacking Sardinia at once, before France is prepared to support her. But in this age of the world, the moral sentiment of mankind must be consulted, and he who strikes the first blow—however inevitable he may think a war may be—would run the risk of being considered the actual aggressor. Therefore, as it is supposed, the aged and cool-headed advisers of the Austrian Emperor, are against taking the first step in breaking the peace of Europe, however expedient, in a military point of view, that step might be.

In England, Parliament was to be dissolved about the 21st of April—and the elections would speedily follow. The combined Whigs and Liberals appear confident of success before the people; and we may infer that the Conservatives are equally confident, or they would not have dissolved the Parliament. It is something of an indication of the way the popular current is setting, that *Punch*, which not long ago seemed disposed to ridicule Mr. Bright, now has taken to ridiculing Derby and D'Israeli. *Punch* however is more affected by the sentiment of the large towns, which are the strongholds of the Liberals, than by the sentiment of the country places, which elect a majority of the members of the House of Commons.

The effect of these rumors of great wars is very prostrating to the commercial and other industrial interests of both France and England. Indirectly, also, they affect the pecuniary interests of the United States—unfavorably so far as the cotton interests are concerned; favorably in regard to the grain-growing, and cattle and pork producing interests. In case of a great war, there could hardly fail to be a demand upon this country for all its surplus of produce, at fair prices. But such considerations as these, though they may be alluded to, are not to be dwelt upon as if they could have the least effect on our hopes and wishes. As lovers of mankind, we must regret to see great nations plunging into vast wars, merely to gratify the caprice or ambition of one restless ruler. And our hopes and wishes must be, that this black cloud in the Eastern horizon shall speedily fade away, without desolating with its vengeful lightnings and fierce tornadoes, the homes of hundreds of thousands of our fellow men.

☞ The waters of Loch Katrine—those waters immortalized by Scott in his beautiful poem of the "Lady of the Lake"—are to be carried in pipes to Glasgow, for the use of the inhabitants of that prosaic city. Already the wilds where it was not safe for a lowlander to be found,

"Without a pass from Rhoderick Dhu,"

are being recklessly dug, levelled and blasted by a lot of what our English friends call *navvies*.

WHAT NEXT!—As an indication of the extensive circulation of the Ledger, we would state that we received, a few days ago, a letter containing $24, for a "club," from Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

If that is "an indication of extensive circulation," we can more than match it. THE POST has over *one hundred* subscribers in Utah.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

E. A. S. The name is a fictitious one.

E. S. By writing to the various publishers that advertise in THE POST, and comparing their answers, you can probably come to a satisfactory conclusion.

SUSAN. We see no objection to the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge by any one, man or woman. As the field of knowledge, however, is a wide one, it is better to commence by acquiring such information as is most certain to be needed by you. For instance, it is all very well for a young lady to acquire a knowledge of French, German and Spanish—and we see no objection to her adding to the list Latin, Greek, Russian, Chinese and Arabic, together with as many of the Aboriginal tongues of this continent as is pleasant to her, and not destructive of the "labial, dental and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance and her temperament"—to use the comprehensive phrase of the *New York Tribune*. But, before she devotes her time and energies to these studies, there are a few things in the housekeeping line that she would do well to master—or mistress—that is, if she has any intention of ever accepting the responsible position of wife, and head of the domestic department of a household. German is good, and Greek is good also—but, when a man is hungry, a well-cooked meal is far more desirable. If a man's mouth could be satisfactorily filled with words, doubtless the German would come as near doing it as any other language; but, as the old proverb has it, "fine words butter no parsnips." If Susan correctly apprehends the drift of these remarks, she will perceive that we would, as a general rule, have every young lady well versed in household ways, to begin with.—Then, if she has time, without neglecting the duties of her position in her father's house, to add to the elements of a common school education any of the higher branches, we should think it very commendable so to do. There is no branch of knowledge that is not useful, but it would be folly to omit those branches which we may be called upon to use every day, for the sake of those which can only occasionally be of any practical value.—In this, as in most other things, the common-sense rule holds, Do not sacrifice the greater to the less.

NORVAL. No, it is not very difficult to get a situation on the stage. Most stage lines need good drivers—we suppose, of course, that is the kind of stage meant. You should have good recommendations for sobriety and punctuality.

ANNIE. If it fatigues you to walk a mile, walk half a mile—if that fatigues you, walk a quarter of a mile—if that, stay at home, or go in a carriage. There is no use in calling in a doctor—take a bread pill, well buttered, two or three times a day; it will suit your case precisely.

STUDENT. In preparing a manuscript for publication, the first draught is sufficient. If it is written in such a cramped and illegible hand, and so obscured with alterations and erasures, that the editor cannot read it without great difficulty, it will be all the better. You may add in a note, that "you really were too much hurried to make a clean copy, and that you always hate to read over your own compositions." By following these instructions implicitly, you will render it very easy for said editor to come to a decision upon the merits of your article, which will no doubt make quite a light in his office, if not in the world.

EDWARD. Conundrums are not very difficult to make, and we wonder that more original ones are not sent to us by the contributors to the Riddler department. What does Edward think of the following:—Why was Falstaff like a certain traveller who claimed to have discovered this continent?

J. S. V. You must submit—a clergyman has a pre-emption right as it were, to marry the prettiest and richest girl in his congregation. Until the minister is married, the other young men naturally can have no peace. Many young ladies think that in marrying the minister, they not only wed the height of earthly felicity, but that, at their deaths, their good man will have nothing to do but turn the key, and let them into the realms of felicity above. A dangerous rival therefore is the minister. If you are the schoolmaster, the lawyer, or the editor of the village, you may have indeed the ghost of a chance—but, if neither of these, we pity you. Your best plan would be to turn minister yourself.

WOOL. The "woolsack" is the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords. It is a large square bag of wool, covered with red cloth. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Free Trade was not in fashion in England, an Act was passed forbidding the exportation of wool—as it was needed for the use of the infant manufactures. To remind the law-makers of this important staple, the wool-sack was introduced. We would suggest, now that the slavery question is so much discussed by our law-givers, that wool-sacks might be very appropriately introduced into our own legislative bodies.

BACHELOR. Some men are very unlucky. For instance, we notice that a gentleman embosoms himself in one of the London periodicals, as follows:—"A great deal is said about wealth being the great attraction to parents and their daughters. Nothing of the kind. No one can speak more to the point than a man of experience. It has been my lot—starting in life when very young—to have lived a bachelor's life for nearly twenty years, in a very respectable country locality, studiously avoiding all habits that would injure a man's reputation, conducting a respectable business, well patronised, enjoying, or rather receiving an income from £800 to £1,000 ($4,000 to $5,000) a year, occupying a residence that no private gentleman need despise, replete with every convenience that a man of such means could possibly desire, and nothing to complain of in personal appearance. Yet with all this, would you believe it, sir, I have never received a single invitation out of my own family, which is very small, and most people wonder why I am not married? Is it to be a matter of surprise, when I have not had one opportunity of making a single home acquaintance? Is it right that a man in such a position should sneak after young ladies in the highways and byways, and incur the risk of being snubbed? I think not. I see men of no reputation, no means, in short with nothing to recommend them, enjoying the confidence and hospitality of numerous acquaintances. I have tried the 'hospitable,' quite to the extent of my means; but I never get invited in return to meet ladies. So much for wealth and its supposed influence and attractions; the very thought of it is an insult to my understanding." The above is one of the most singular cases we ever met with. What can the English girls be made of? It may be that the bachelor in this case, is only not married, because he could never summon up nerve to ask any one to have him. We believe there are such cases—men who never marry, unless some sensible girl, understanding their case, calls up a praiseworthy degree of resolution, and takes them by storm.

INQUIRER. Cats and dogs, we believe, are not, legally considered, property—though dogs are often worth from ten to fifty dollars a piece. Umbrellas, however, are property; though most people seem disposed to ignore the fact. Returning an umbrella has been dubbed by a poet the height of honesty, in the following lines:—

Three friends once, in the course of conversation,
Touched upon honesty. "No virtue better,"
Says Dick, quite lost in sweet self-admiration,
"I'm sure I'm honest;—ay, beyond the letter.
You know the field I farm; well, underground
My plough stuck in the middle of a furrow;
And there a pot of silver coins I found.
My landlord has it, without fail, to-morrow."
So modestly his good intents he told:
"But wait," says Bob, "we soon shall see who's best.
A stranger left with me uncounted gold;
And I don't touch it; which is honestest?"
"Your deeds are pretty good," says Jack, "but I
Have done much better (would that all folks learned it)!
Hear then the highest pitch of honesty,
I borrowed an umbrella—*and returned it!*"

ALL night alone we journeyed on,
In a carriage, close together;
We laughed and talked right joyously,
In spite of wind and weather:
But when first broke the morning light,
Judge of our fright, my child:
Between us sat a blind-eyed boy—
'Twas Love, with aspect mild.

—*Heine.*

☞ We must love our friends as true amateurs love paintings; they have their eyes perpetually fixed on the fine parts and see no others.—*Mme. de Epignay.*

☞ Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous.

☞ In a discussion in the Connecticut Legislative Agricultural Club, last year, a wag recommended the farmers to put snuff on their corn, so as to make the crows sneeze, and then to shoot the sneezing ones as the rogues.

☞ On every side and in every class of society, whatever may be the difference of opinion which men entertain on particular points, there is one sentiment which is growing with alarming rapidity, and consolidating itself into a most dangerous unanimity; and that sentiment is one of sickening disgust at the reckless dishonesty with which great and vital questions are dealt with by public men.—*London Review.*

☞ In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

☞ HOW TO CURE FRECKLES.—Nothing easier. Take a nutmeg grater, and rub the skin entirely from your face and neck; then, with a hot iron, make the surface perfectly smooth. Rub well with oil of vitriol, and cover the parts with onion tops. The next skin that grows will be white, and perfectly free from freckles.

☞ The generality of friends put us out of conceit with friendship, just as the generality of pious people put us out of conceit with religion.—*Rochefoucault.*

☞ ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.—The following curious correspondence actually took place some years since, between a well-known Irish M. P. and a certain autograph collector:

"*Dear R.*—I'm making a collection of autographs of celebrated individuals; will you favor me with yours? I remain, &c.,

"W. COX."

"*Dear C.*—I have been so harrassed by autograph collectors, that I'll be hanged if I write my name again for any man.

"Yours, &c., E. RUTHVEN."

☞ A wag in Detroit has been taking liberties with the reputation of the Pontiac Railroad. He was asked whether he knew of any accident on that road, and he replied, "Never; but once a middle aged gentleman left Pontiac for Detroit, and died of old age at Birmingham, half way!"

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

I have lately been deeply interested by reading the report of the Ohio State Reform Farm—the first institution in America founded on the European system, and on the great principle of confidence in human nature and faith in its redeemability.

The Report gives on the whole, a cheering account of progress and success, though the enterprise has had many serious and vexatious obstacles to contend with. These have arisen, not so much from the vices, ignorance and weakness of the boys, these being well understood and calculated upon—as from the want of faith, and genuine, long-enduring charity and philanthropy in the officers—deficiencies which were not fully anticipated by the ardent and benevolent advocates of the plan.

To give you any idea of the peculiar qualities required to fit one to be a thorough and efficient officer and teacher in this institution, I must speak somewhat at length of its peculiar system, and of the character of its inmates.

The Reform Farm is a beautiful tract of land, near Lancaster, Ohio, on which several plain and commodious buildings have been erected, as homes and schools for such vicious and incorrigible boys as have hitherto been confined in jails, penitentiaries and Houses of Refuge, subject to the degrading and hardening influence of older criminals.

There is no wall about the farm—there are no gratings to the windows of the buildings—no ponderous locks and bolts upon the doors. From the first, the system is to *trust* the boys, even while watching over them with faithful vigilance—to treat them as unfortunate brothers, rather than as degraded criminals—to rouse the best and manliest attributes of their natures—to restore their lost self-respect—to inspire a sense of honor, which comes to most of them like a new soul. It is impressed on them that they are here not "in durance vile," but under a needful and kindly restraint—not as a punishment, but as an act of grace, for their good and happiness.

The Institution is divided into families—over each of which are appointed two assistant officers, called "Elder Brothers." These assistants are with the boys at all times, having charge of them in all things. There are also other Elder Brothers, who watch at night, nurse them in illness, and look after them when in confinement. They also lead in devotion, by reading the Lord's Prayer, night and morning, and have charge of what is called the "Moral Training." The families are divided into classes—and the classes into divisions. These divisions are marked by badges. The highest is called the "Eagle badge." When a boy has worn this for three consecutive months, he is entitled to a discharge, "on probation." Rewards are given of money, books, and marks of merit. For labor over the allotted tasks, the boys receive pay, which they may spend as they please. For special studiousness, cleanliness, or good manners, they receive permission to sit at "the table of honor," with the Principal, or commendation before the whole school. When a boy leaves the Institution "on probation," he takes with him all he has earned therein, a change of linen and a small sum of money. He is promised a cordial welcome should he wish to return—and his class are permitted to accompany him a little way on his road, to bid him a brotherly adieu. Some return—flung back by the great unfriendly sea of society—and some choose to remain in the only home they have ever known. These become "cadets," and assistants.

One of the principles most rigidly adhered to, and with the most happy effect, is that of inflicting punishment as a calm, public judgment, some time after the offence—not hastily under the excitement of the provocation. In the evening hour, devoted to moral training, the conduct of the youth is reviewed, and the rewards and punishments dealt out with equal faithfulness and kindliness. On every Sunday morning the Principal holds a moral review of the week just past—when he passes judgment on cases reserved for his decision, and talks to the boys, in a gentle, fatherly way, giving them counsel and encouragement, as well as reproof.

The farm and household labor is nearly all performed by the boys—always under the supervision of the Elder Brothers, who do not stand over them like armed prison wardens—silent and stern—but assist them with advice and the help of their hands. Idleness is held up as not the least among "the seven deadly sins"—as a vice not to be tolerated or excused. Little except domestic and agricultural labor has as yet been attempted, but various mechanical employments are soon to be established. Much, almost *all* has been accomplished, when young idlers and vagrants have been made to realize that labor is honorable and holy—that the sweat of honest toil is purifying to the soul—the baptism of nature.

A common-school education is given to each inmate. But education here means more than this. It means instruction in manners, at the table, in the school-room and dormitory,—it means the acquirement of habits of politeness, and kindly consideration toward each other, and of respectful courtesy toward their superiors. It means instruction in music, that divine harmonizer and humanizer—instruction in gymnastics, swimming, and other manly exercises—and above all, it means constant teaching, counsel and example in *religion*.

There is service in the school hall every Sunday morning, and that the other hours of the day may not prove irksome to the boys, the teachers are accustomed to take them out for long walks on the Farm. The beautiful scenery, the pure air, the green grass, flowers, foliage, brook-songs, and bird-warblings are said to be keenly enjoyed by the poor boys—many of whom come from the gloomy cells of jails, or the damp courts and reeking alleys of the lowest quarters of the city. When they look around on hill and meadow, and a green billowy stretch of grain fields, they resolve never again to lurk like beasts in dens of crime and squalor;—when God is feasting His world with sunshine, they think, with a shudder, of the meagre rations of light which once came to them through grated prison-windows.

The lads are encouraged to talk, and ask questions about anything which they see, or anything that occurs to stimulate inquiry or thought—and the Principal and assistants converse with them freely, giving them all the information in their power. It is thus some neglected minds receive their first dim perceptions of the marvels of creation and the goodness of the Creator, and become conscious of that divine thirst for knowledge which lifts humanity from brutehood, attests its august origin, and proclaims its immortality. Who can measure the good which may be wrought by these simple, kindly teachings in the fields, those great lecture-rooms of Nature—the woods, those grand cathedrals of God!

When the weather will not admit of these informal, open-air services—these rambling Sunday Schools, teachers and pupils spend the time in-doors, in reading, singing and conversation.

Great care is taken to give Religion a cheerful, natural aspect, while preserving its grandeur and solemnity—and especially to guard against hypocrisy—that most insidious foe of true piety—sometimes deceiving even the deceiver. The boys are not only desired to join in public worship, but counselled to give some time, morning and night, to secret meditation and prayer. They are taught that cleanliness is the piety of the body—the outward type and evidence of the purity of the soul, and the wholesomeness of the heart.

Boys who are found peculiarly trustworthy, are made monitors, elected by their fellows, to assist the Elder Brothers in their supervisory duties.

The hour for moral training is the most important portion of the day. Then the merits and demerits are announced, reproofs and commendations are given, rewards and punishments awarded. Sometimes the boys are called upon to pass judgment on one of their number, and though they are inclined to lean to Mercy's side, there is evident a touching effort to be just and true.

Each boy is frankly conversed with, in regard to his feelings and conduct during the day, and advised to leave in his diary, a record of some fact learned, or temptation resisted.

After the moral examination, an Elder Brother reads to the boy something appropriate to the day's employments, or the season, explaining whatever may need explanation,—or encourages them to read aloud stories or poems of their own selection.

At nine o'clock there is family-worship, and then with kindly good-nights and cheerful faces, that assembly of rescued human waifs disperse to their beds.

I am glad to see by the Report, that corporeal punishment has never yet been resorted to. Solitary confinement for the worst offences, has thus far, proved a salutary and sufficient corrective. The culprit in confinement is not left to lonely despair, or uninterrupted sullen broodings;—his Elder Brother visits him daily, and by kindly talk and gentle treatment, strives to convince him that the punishment is not an angry return for his evil doing, but is inflicted reluctantly, for his benefit and the good order of the School.

Notwithstanding the conscientious vigilance of the officers, escape from the Farm is comparatively easy, and some foolish boys have availed themselves of the opportunity to steal back into the peril and poverty from which they have been rescued. All of these have been retaken, or have voluntarily returned, except one.

On a late visit to Ohio, I met Mr. Charles Reemelin, the Acting Commissioner of the Institution, and truly the brave, earnest, philanthropic soul of the enterprise. Among many interesting anecdotes of the pupils, he related one of a boy, who at one time they were about to give up as utterly hopeless and unredeemable. As near as I can recollect, it was as follows:—

The lad was a desperate character, who had been sent to the Farm from the Penitentiary, and who proved sullen, obstinate and unthankful. On the first opportunity, he ran away—was retaken, returned, and ran away the second time. Again he was caught and brought back, and on his attempting to escape a third time, Mr. Reemelin had his neat Reform Farm clothes taken off him, and his old zebraic prison-suit put on. Then, bringing him before the whole school, he talked to him with all the severity of which his kindly nature is capable—showed to him his egregious folly in thus persisting in running away from a comfortable home and friends, to plunge again into want, crime and danger. Then, pointing to the door, he said—

"Go, now—you are free—we do not want you, any more than you wish to stay. We can do nothing with so bad a boy!"

I need hardly say that the lad not only did not go, but entreated to be allowed to stay—promising amendment, obedience and contentment.

"What shall we do, boys?" said Mr. Reemelin, appealing to the other pupils.

Now, the young gentleman from the Penitentiary was not a favorite in the school,—he had rendered himself no more popular with his fellows than with his superiors, yet it was touching to see how instinctively their hearts softened toward him, in his humiliation and distress. They believed in his penitence and, as with one voice, cried,

"Try him again, sir! Give him another chance!"

It is probable that this intercession saved one young life from ruin. From that hour, a change for the better took place in the boy,—he became tractable and orderly, and is now one of the best pupils in the school.

You can now understand that the great obstacle to the success of such an institution lies in the difficulty of obtaining suitable officers and instructors. Many begin bravely, but soon faint by the way. Enthusiasm, though a great help, will not suffice as the motive-power in this work;—there should be rare patience, forbearance, tact and knowledge of human nature, wise lovingness, and an almost divine hopefulness—there must be that *faith in humanity* which is the rarest of all Christian virtues, even among reformers and missionaries. This is true missionary ground—a weary, dreary field of the Lord's service, promising no worldly honor, or gain, nor any sort of romantic or poetic inspiration. It is a narrow sphere of unremitting, unvarying care, watchfulness and toil. It is a work of voluntary slavery—of monotonous mental drudgery.

What to this is the labor of foreign missionaries—great and arduous as that often is? Though they are in the midst of the heathen, they have not the heathen always with them—*upon them*. They can generally hold what they gain. The pagan gods are not so jealous, have not so tight a grasp on their worshippers, as the devils of our corrupt civilization. Neither are they so cunning and indefatigable in reclaiming their lost subjects.

When the missionary in Oriental lands grows weary, he can fly to the mountains, or lie down by the sacred rivers, or in the shade of palms and pyramids to rest. Or he can rouse his drooping energies, like the good Bishop of Cyrene, by an ostrich chase, or stir his languid blood by the titanic sport of an elephant or lion hunt. If in Palestine he faints and sinks to the earth, it seems to me that the touch of that soil, hallowed by the footprints of Christ and the Apostles, must renew his strength—causing him to spring up like Antæus, fresh for the fight with any Hercules of heathendom.

In the South Seas the dreamy charm of tropical life soothes the restless heart; in the far North, keen primeval airs and sublime polar splendors brace up the courage and inspire the soul—in Western wilds, perils, adventures, privations even keep the mind healthy and brave; and everywhere in foreign lands, strange scenery, customs and people interest the imagination and stimulate the heroic, philanthropic purpose—preventing discouragement and disgust, the moral torpor, the pangless pain, the smothered agony of *ennui*.

Here, as I have shown, are no such outward sustainments and inspirations. The heroic soul must labor on very quietly, in God's patience, while he may. All honor to such as endure to the end—and no blame to those whose hearts fail them, in a work which would tax angelic attributes of love and wisdom. Ah, who of us would do better!

I trust, dear G———, that you have been interested in this account—imperfect as it is; and I hope you rejoice with me, that there has been prepared such a safe asylum, such a happy home for even a few of that wretched class of boys—orphans, and worse than orphans, neglected step children of society, ignorant and vicious, which are the saddest product of the heathenism and barbarism which grow rank in the very shadow of our Christianity and civilization.

May God keep the boys—strengthen their failing knees as they climb painfully and slow up the steep, unfamiliar path of virtue. May angels lead and lift them toward the upper light and peace, and may no mortal hand, thoughtless, or cruel, lay a stumbling block in their way. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

NECK TWISTERS.—"It is a part of my religion," said a pious lady, when asked why she went early to church, "it is a part of my religion not to interrupt the worship of others." And we believe if many a congregation made it a part of their religion not to twist their necks almost out of joint to witness the entrance of every person who passes up the aisle of the meeting-house, it would be better for both their necks and their religion. A gross abuse of religious decorum sometimes needs harsh medicine as a remedy.

We do not know whether it would be proper for some of our good ministering brethren, who are sorely tried by the neck twisting propensities of their congregations, to use that adopted by Henry Clay Dean, who was at one time chaplain of Congress; but we give it for their consideration, of course to adopt or reject as they please. The anecdote is from the Pacific Methodist:

Being worried, one afternoon, by this turning practice in his congregation, Mr. Dean stopped in his sermon and said:

"Now listen to me, and I'll tell you who the people are, as each one of them comes in."

He then went on with his discourse until a gentleman entered, when he bawled out like an usher,

"Deacon A———, who keeps a shop over the way," and then went on with his sermon.

Presently another man passed up the aisle, and he gave his name, residence and occupation, so he continued for some time.

At length some one entered the door who was unknown to Mr. Dean, when he cried out—

"A little old man, with a drab coat and an old white hat: don't know him, look for yourselves."

That congregation was cured.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHILDREN.—Children are taught to tease, very much as they are taught to cry. With all his wants, real or imaginary, the child runs to its mother. They are matters of importance to him. He wants a definite and decisive answer—one which will settle the question—and his mind will be on the rack until he has it. It is not in the nature of the child to feel otherwise. He will have no peace himself, and will therefore give his mother no peace, till he understands and knows that the point is settled, and how it is settled. If you give him no answer till he has spoken ten times, he will speak ten times; and then, if he has any reason to suspect that speaking twenty times more will obtain an answer more favorable to his wishes, he will speak twenty times more. And this will soon grow into a habit. But give him an answer the first time he speaks, and he will not be obliged to speak a second time to obtain one; and never alter a decision for his teasing, and he will soon give it up as of no use. If you have leisure, and the occasion seems a proper one, you may let him argue his case before you decide it—but not afterwards. Indeed, if he has learned by experience that your decisions are final, he will seldom, if ever, attempt it. He will consider an answer as an answer. His mind will be at rest on that point, and soon find something else with which to amuse himself.

☞ We must love something.—*Byron.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

BUTTERFLIES—A QUANDARY—DOMESTIC DOCTORING—A UNIQUE COLLECTION—THE SONG OF THE SWAN—HOW TUNES GET TITLES—A QUEER STORY.

Paris, April 7, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The brilliance of the weather is bringing out the flowers in the gardens of this gay capital, and the Spring finery of the fairer half of the population, who, with the children, seem to grow gayer with every new season. Alas for the hopes in which too-sanguine reformers have indulged on the score of crinoline. Flounces are decidedly disappearing, and jackets—the most convenient and generally becoming of recent modes—have vanished from the scene. But the dresses of the elegant *Parisiennes* are, if possible, wider than ever; and are spread out over an extent of circumference that threatens to render it impossible for two ladies to pass each other on any pavement of ordinary width. And one of the most distressing things connected with this prodigious folly of indefinite petticoat expansion is the way in which this abominable fashion contrives to "turn the tables" on the few who persevere in dispensing with the aid of hoops and crinoline, making their slim symmetry appear so wofully lank among the inflated rotundities of their neighbors, that those who persevere in dressing according to the dictates of convenience and common sense, look absolutely ridiculous in contrast with the votaries of the most absurd of modern fashions! Thus many women who detest the fussy incumbrances of this most tyrannous style of equipment are driven to adopt it because their husbands, brothers and friends, though detesting the present fashion, and quizzing it on every occasion, nevertheless consider them as looking "very flat," "dowdy," and "ill-dressed," for lack of the very appliances which these gentlemen are so ready to laugh at when exhibited by the rest of the feminine world.

Among the last to adopt the hooped skirts now so universally in use were two literary friends of mine, both boasting names of some celebrity in the world of authorship, and both having repeatedly declared that nothing should induce them to adopt so ridiculous and inconvenient a fashion. Both of them happened to be, in the autumn, at a grand *soiree* at the house of a well-known lion-huntress of this city. The toilettes of all the other ladies were expanded to a prodigious size; but my two reasonable friends were true to their principles, wore neither hoops nor crinoline, and declared that they gloried in being the only two sensibly-dressed people in the assembly.

Shortly after this party had taken place, Miss C——— went to Italy for the winter, and Mrs. D——— to Berlin, and each, getting tired of always appearing as "the only lady without crinoline," adopted, it seems, the obnoxious appendage in the course of the winter. A fortnight ago, Miss C——— came to Paris, on her way to England, and last week Mrs. D——— also arrived on her way back from Berlin. Finding that Miss C——— was here, Mrs. D——— was anxious to see her, but could not make up her mind to exhibit herself to the eyes of her friend in her newly-adopted "deformity." Miss C——— was equally desirous to see Mrs. D———, but she, also, was withheld from calling by the fear of encountering the good-tempered ridicule with which she was sure her friend would greet the appearance of her hoops. Both ladies had privately taken me into their confidence, and had laughingly confessed that, much as they wished to meet, they positively could not endure the thought of revealing to the other the "weakness of compliance" into which they had fallen. I listened to both with all the gravity I could command, and having vainly endeavored to induce either of them to volunteer the first call in the present addition to their toilettes, I at last suggested that, if courage were lacking to make the avowal of the terrible *jupon*, it might be laid aside during the visit, and resumed again afterwards.

"But that would be a very cowardly proceeding," returned Mrs. D———, "as I *have* adopted the detestable fashion, I should be ashamed of myself if I pretended that I had not done so. No," she continued hesitatingly, "I think I must even run the risk of being laughed at, and see our friend in the absurd hoops with which I have at length consented to afflict myself."

Miss C———, who had met a similar suggestion with the reply that it would be of no use to try to hide the deplorable fact of her apostacy from the sharp eyes of Mrs. D———, who would doubtless soon meet her somewhere or other in all the glory of her spreading draperies, at length determined, though reluctantly, to put a brave face on the matter, and meet Mrs. D——— at once in the full sweep of her newly-adopted enormities. Such being the conclusion arrived at by my friends, I invited them to get the agony of the meeting over in the easiest way by coming to dine with me on the following day. This they both promised to do.

Next day, at half-past five, and in a great state of laughing trepidation, arrived Mrs. D———, with her husband, whose wish, it is but fair to say, had alone induced her to adopt the fashion she so much dislikes. At five minutes before six, just as I was beginning to fear that the soup might suffer from delay on the part of Miss C———, that lady (who afterwards confessed that she had put off coming until the last moment, so much was she in dread of the quizzing she expected to encounter from Mrs. D———,) sailed into the parlor, with a comical expression of mingled embarrassment and amusement depicted in her countenance. The mutual astonishment of the two ladies on perceiving the unsuspected apostacy of the other, and the burst of laughter that followed the discovery, together with your correspondent's enjoyment of the scene, I leave to the imagination of your readers.

Thus, through the love of one portion of the female sex for the ostentatious display of fine garments, and the unwillingness of the other to be regarded as "objects," the inconvenient, expensive, and unhealthy peculiarities of the feminine toilette still hold their ground. Yet how impossible is true and genuine progress in the domestic and social sphere without the large, enlightened, and generous aid of woman; and how impossible is it that woman should thus discharge her special duties in these most important spheres, while be-corseted, be-hooped, and be-furbelowed, so that she is habitually stinted of breath and activity, and compelled to restrict the range of her care and interest to the limits imposed on her by the necessities of a heavy, cumbrous, and expensive style of dress!

Diphtheria, croup, and other dangerous affections of the respiratory organs have been unusually prevalent through the spring. The *Medical Bee* has been publishing a series of articles on this subject, with a view to showing mothers what should be the system followed in cases of croup, a disease which carries off annually a very large number of the children of this country. After insisting on the necessity of proper clothing for young children, the impropriety of a child's being exposed to a draught of air, or to a high wind on a stormy day, or even to rapid driving in an open carriage if the sky be lowering, it observes that, in order to prevent the incipient inflammation from fixing itself on the larynx when croup is threatened, leeches should be applied above the knee, and warm poultices of bread and linseed flour to the soles of the feet, which should be kept warm by bottles of hot water; a physician, meantime, being sent for, without delay. "We shall conclude our summary," says the medical authority in question, "with the following curious fact:—About a month ago, a child, at Nantes, was given up by three physicians, who went away with the conviction that it could not live many minutes longer. The child's grandmamma, being left alone with it, said to herself: 'Since the case is desperate, I risk nothing in trying a remedy of my own.' She, accordingly, took a long goose-quill, dipped its feather into brandy, thrust it into the child's windpipe, and actually *scraped* it clean, bringing out an immense quantity of false membranes. The larynx being thus freed from its obstructions, the child recovered!" It may be inferred, with tolerable safety, that this shrewd and quick-witted "grandmamma," is neither a votary of tight-lacing nor of crinoline!

Sales of old family gatherings, rare China, manuscripts, and letters of renowned individuals are rather "the rage" here just now, and fetch, as usual, enormous prices. Among other precious collections shortly to be disposed of, Lablache's snuff-boxes are about to be sold by auction. They amount to many hundreds, and bear imperial, royal, princely, ducal, literary, and lady-fair effigies, brilliant in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, malachite, lapis-lazuli, or humble horn. A good story of Lablache is told in connexion with his snuff-boxes, and illustrative of his ready gift at repartee. Some years ago, when in London, the Queen inquired of the favorite singer whether it was true that his collection of snuff-boxes amounted to one hundred?

"Not yet, Madam," replied the witty Neapolitan, "I have only ninety-nine."

Of course, the hundredth snuff-box was sent next day to Lablache's residence.

This genial and highly-gifted artist—looking in his later years like a noble old oak, with snow on its top—used to say that he always endeavored, when on the stage, to fix the attention of some one intelligent and willing listener, the concentration of effort thus produced, and the tacit understanding of sympathy thus engendered, being of the greatest assistance to him, and enabling him to give vent to his feelings without restraint.

Few among the brilliant and sensitive favorites of the musical world, have enjoyed, on the whole, so sunny and so fortunate a path as that of Lablache. Raised by his talent, and his exquisite voice, from a humble walk of life, to riches and eminence, happy in his domestic relations, honored as a Prince in Art by the Princes of the World, and ending a long and successful public career in the charms of an opulent and tasteful retirement in his native land, not many of his brethren of the stage have been equally fortunate. What a contrast, for instance, between the career of Lablache, the great singer, and Haydn, the immortal composer! The latter was deeply attached to the sovereign, the Emperor Francis, for whom he composed the beautiful melody, "God preserve the Emperor," which is now the national air of Austria; and in his pious moments he used to offer up fervent prayers for the Emperor's safe return to Vienna, during the occupation of that city by the French. The latter reached the suburbs on the 10th of May, 1805, and next morning commenced firing shot and shells upon the city, which the old artist's imagination represented to him as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his dwelling, filling his little household with terror. He roused himself, and getting up from his chair, rebuked his servants with dignity for their want of firmness. But the effort was too much for him; he was seized with convulsive shivering, and carried to his bed. His strength continued to diminish; yet, on the 26th of May, he caused himself to be placed at the piano, where he again sang the national air, "God preserve the Emperor," three times, with all his remaining energy. It was the fabled "song of the swan." While he still sat at his piano, he fell into a state of stupor, and at length expired, on the morning of the 31st of May, aged 78 years and two months.

Haydn's beautiful air was composed expressly in honor of his Imperial patron, and was at once given to the world under its true name. But titles are sometimes appropriated to music by accidental circumstances, quite foreign to the intentions of the composer, and having no affinity with the character of the composition. Thus the melody commonly known by the title of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," is said to have been suggested by the singing and hammering of a blacksmith, working at his forge. Nay, tradition tells of the hammer and anvil of the said blacksmith, preserved as relics, and associated with the name of the immortal Handel. Now, all this is purely the invention of persons ignorant of the fact that this charming old melody is an old French air, very pretty words to which were written by Clement Marot. Handel, with a slight improvement, introduced this air, with variations, into his *suite de pieces*, for the harpsichord. The real history of the Vulcanic association of this melody, is as follows:—A blacksmith, residing at Bath, one Linton, a music-seller and *fanatico*, a remarkable character in his way, having stood sponsor to his own favorite piece of music, baptised it after himself, "The Harmonious Blacksmith." By this title it soon became popularly known; but all the incidents of the forge, hammer and anvil, are pure inventions. A collection of old French ballads, songs, madrigals, &c., entitled *Echoes des tems passes*, edited by Wekerlin, of this city, contains the old melody of Clement Marot's song; it describes Marot as the greatest poet of his time, and says he was born in 1495. He was page to Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis; was patronized by the frail and fair Diana of Poictiers, and fought at the battle of Pavia, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He made, with Theodore de Beze, a translation of the Psalms of David, which the Protestants used to sing to the favorite airs of that day, (probably those of Goudimel,) besides a number of secular songs. He died in 1545. The date of the air is unknown. Some critics regard it as having been composed earlier than the verses of Clement Marot; others as being of a later period.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Africa arrived at New York on the 28th.

Among the Africa's passengers is the Earl of Southesk.

Paul Morphy is not a passenger, as was anticipated.

The Dresden Journal alleges acquaintance with the fact that, according to a recent counter proposal made by France, (which is also said to be seconded in other quarters,) the Congress will assemble on the 23rd of April, at Carlsruhe, and commence operations by resolving on a general disarming.

The statement that Austria positively refuses to join in the Congress unless there is a previous general and simultaneous disarmament, is confirmed.

Paris despatches state that the progress of the negotiations intended for the consideration of the Congress is very slow, owing to the great difficulties attending them.

The London News says it is just as possible that the Congress may prepare and embitter, instead of averting a war.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says there are reasons for believing that Austria's proposals, as points to be submitted to the Congress, will be wholly unacceptable to France.

The Patrie says that France cannot be expected to diminish her army, nor send back a single cannon to the arsenals.

The Paris letters regard peace as hopeless. The movements of the French troops assume the most threatening proportions, and the preparations in every branch continue without abatement. The "Paris Patrie," nevertheless, asserts that France has not armed.

It is reported that the Pope will protest against the holding of the proposed European Congress.

A duel had occurred on the Downs between a young American gentleman and a Russian officer lately attached to the legation at Washington. The former was shot in the hand, when an explanation was made by the opposite party, and, being admitted, the affair ended.

Thirty of the Neapolitan exiles have left England for the Continent.

Lady Morgan, the celebrated authoress, is dead.

It is intended that Parliament shall be dissolved on the 21st inst., in which case the borough elections will take place on the 27th inst., and the county elections on the 2d of May.

The French officers on leave of absence have been ordered to join their ships without delay.

It is rumored that the Emperor will soon depart for Lyons.

Five steam frigates have been despatched to Algeria, and it is supposed that they are to bring back troops to France.

The Daily News correspondent says that Lord Cowley and Count Walewski, after a long discussion, had separated with the conviction that very serious differences of opinion exist between France and England.

Nine gunboats for the Adriatic are ordered to be made ready at Cherbourg without delay.

Austria is willing to make important concessions to Russia on certain points in dispute, and a perfect understanding between the two governments is considered highly probable.

Warlike preparations are considered in some of the smaller German States. The Bavarian army has been placed on a war footing.

Several political prisoners in Prussia have been liberated. The informal amnesty has been declared.

The London Times's Vienna correspondent says that several of the leading papers have openly declared that the German will not shed one drop of blood either for the maintenance of the special treaties or the Austrian Concordat.

The political prisoners at Naples, whose fate was determined by the decree of the 18th ult., have received passports to the United States.

Sir Moses Montefrore had arrived at Rome with the petition of the Jews of England and America, in relation to the Mortara case.

Twenty-one shocks of earthquake were felt at Sienna on the 12th, but no damage occurred.

Rumors prevailed that the King of Naples was either dead or at the last extremity. There is, however, nothing authentic.

It is said that Holland and Belgium have concluded a treaty for mutual defence in case of war.

The advices in relation to the Suez Canal are favorable. The public functionaries are ordered to assist.

COCHIN CHINA.—The attack on Saigon took place February 17th, and was perfectly successful. Nine forts, strongly armed, were cannonaded and stormed. The French loss was small, but the enemy sustained a heavy loss.

CHINA.—The export of teas to the United States show a decrease of 807,000 lbs. from that of last year.

THE MARKETS.—Cotton dull. Flour steady. Wheat firm. Provisions steady.

If he one generous act performed on earth;
If to one noble thought he e'er gave birth;
If one kind word, to suffering weakness given,
Fell from his lips as manna fell from Heaven;
If e'er his eye one pitying tear distilled;
One throb of sympathy his heart has thrilled;
If he hath bowed beneath the chastening rod—
Forgive the weakness of a child of God;
Spare, spare the follies of an erring brain;
Judge not his faults—he has not lived in vain!

—*Holmes.*

☞ Drake, of the Tremont House, Chicago, tells a story of one of his waiters that would have fitted Sam Lover's "Handy Andy." "Bring me the castor," said a traveller to a newly important table servant. The boy rushed about in a spasmodic and obviously distressed manner, and finally returned with the answer—"It's all *ate*, sir!"

☞ "Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse," says Sancho Panza.

☞ To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied—"Pooh! my horse will stand *faster* than yours can gallop!"

☞ A PHYSICIAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*.

☞ Money is the root of all evil. Nevertheless, it is an eminently esculent root, and I vote that we dig for it, oh friends!—*Punch.*

"PRAY, what," said old Capias, to Gallipot Sawyer,
"Is the difference between a druggist and a lawyer?"
"Why this," replied Gallipot, "beyond any doubt,
One rains *with* 'scruples,' the other *without*."

☞ COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.—*Punch.*

☞ CONNUBIAL.—Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife, that in her he possessed four *fulls*.

"Name them, my love."

"You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and an armful."

"You have the advantage of me, my dear."

"How so, my precious?"

"I have but one fool.

Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries.

☞ Early attachments blighted, flow back in bitterness upon the heart.—*Moore.*

☞ Affectation is a greater enemy to the face than the small-pox.—*St. Evremond.*

COME thou with me—
If from gray dawn to solemn night's approach
Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,
Toiling and panting for a little gold,
Drudging amid the very lees of life
For this accursed slave that makes men slaves—
Come thou with me into the pleasant fields:
Let Nature breathe on us and make us free.

—*Bryant.*

☞ A Western editor having published a long leader on hogs, a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for protruding his family matters upon the public.

☞ Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his, who had been a Manchester dealer, said "that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

☞ The following conversation actually occurred in Hanover street not long since, between two youthful members of the same family. The girl was about twelve years of age, and the lad not far from ten:

Young lad to his sister, who was looking behind her—"You're after that feller—you needn't deny it."

Indignant young Miss—"I'll have you to know I can have him if I want him."—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ A couple of Austrian travellers stopping at the Hotel Francaise, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on Horseback." Determined to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was placed before them in the shape of a beefsteak, with two eggs on top.

☞ Every part of a man's person testifies to his predominant feelings and sentiments.—But the eye, as the window of the soul, is the best index of the prevailing emotion. It speaks of sickness or health, sorrow or joy, purity or guilt. There are eyes all innocence, as well as organs out of which restless gnomes and demons peer. Some eyes threaten like a loaded and levelled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.—*Emerson.*

☞ Ever note that, in controversy, he who hath a good argument, adhereth thereto: but contrarywise, he whose argument halteth, is fain to avail himself of issues irrelevant; as names, and motives, and former strivings under different relations; the intent whereof is but to withdraw attention from his own discomfiture. Howbeit, he who resorteth to these and like subterfuges, doth thereby but acknowledge his own defeat.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ The good humor and readiness of Lord North were of admirable service to him when the invectives of his opponents would have discomfited a more serious Minister. He often indulged in a real or seeming slumber. An opponent, in the midst of an invective, exclaimed, "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep." "I wish to Heaven I was," rejoined Lord North. Alderman Sawbridge having accompanied the presentation of a petition from Billingsgate with accusations of more than ordinary virulence, Lord North began his reply in the following words:—"I cannot deny that the honorable alderman speaks not only the sentiments, but the very language of his constituents."—*Lord J. Russell's Life of Fox.*

☞ HOMER AND HECTOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE MEN.—In the Iliad occurs a passage thus rendered by Pope:—

"Oh, Hector! say what great occasion calls
My son from fight, when Greece surrounds our walls!
Stay till I bring the cup with Bacchus crowned,
In Jove's high name to sprinkle on the ground,
Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,
And draw new spirits from the generous bowl.
'Far hence be Bacchus's gifts, (the chief rejoined;)
Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs and *dulls the noble* mind.
Let *chiefs* abstain, and spare the generous juice,
To sprinkle to the gods, its better use.'"

—*National Intelligencer.*

☞ SCENE IN A BALL-ROOM.—"Miss, can I have the pleasure of dancing with you the next cotillion?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Engaged, perhaps?"

"Well, of you must know, I ain't quite done *chawing my caoutchouc*."

☞ It is said that among other queer old fashioned fancies still prevailing in England, is the idea that fitness for office is, or should be a necessary qualification for receiving it. That sort of notion has long since been exploded in this country.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 164—Adults 81, and children 83.

THE INVENTOR OF RAILWAYS.—At the late dinner in this city to Mr. Henry Carey, Mr. Felton, President of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, said:—

Railways were known to the ancient Egyptians, and were used by them for the transportation of stone in the construction of their Pyramids. They were formed by two parallel rows of flat stones embedded in the ground, the tops being reduced to a smooth surface, to allow of the passage of wheel carriages over them. The remains of such works, as travellers inform us, were in existence a few years since. They were used many years since in Germany and in England, in the shape of tramroads and roads with wooden rails, chiefly for the transportation of the products of the mines. From these rude beginnings has come the magnificent system now known and adopted by the civilized world. Men of genius have doubtless, from time to time, conceived of a system of improved intercommunication, but the definite idea of a railway to be operated by steam is, without doubt, due to Oliver Evans, a citizen of our State. As long since as the close of our Revolutionary war he had wrought out the idea of a high pressure steam engine to traverse common roads and railroads, for the conveyance of persons and merchandise. Towards the close of the last century, he commenced its construction, and, after several years of various disappointments, actually succeeded in putting it in operation in this city in the presence of twenty thousand people. This engine commenced its triumphal march in the easterly part of the city, and made its way amid the shouts of the multitude, to the Schuylkill, where it was placed on board a boat having a paddle wheel in its stern. This boat was propelled by this then novel power, to the mouth of the Schuylkill, and thence up to the Delaware front of the city. The engine was then dethroned from its lofty position, and degraded to that of a mud digger on board a scow. It spent the remainder of its natural life in dredging out the docks where floated in repose the commerce of this then rapidly rising city. About the year 1809, Evans advocated a railroad between Philadelphia and New York, and offered to embark in it his entire fortune, but his ideas were far in advance of the age in which he lived. He was looked upon as a visionary man—a fit subject for guardianship, but totally unqualified to manage his own property, or to devise schemes for the practical and plodding age in which he lived. After meeting many rebuffs, in almost entire despair he uttered this most remarkable prophecy: "This age will use canals, the next, a little wiser, will use railways with horses, but the next, a wiser and more appreciative age, will use railroads with my locomotive engine for propelling power."

Evans sent an agent to England, with the drawings and specifications of his engine. Vivian and Trevelthich copied them as their own, without giving any credit to the original inventor, and thus the fame that was due to this exalted genius was allowed to fade from the memory of even his countrymen, and others in a foreign land were permitted to wear the laurels which he had so nobly won. The present railroad system has been developed within the recollection of nearly every one here present. In this country it commenced with the Quincy railway, in Massachusetts, three miles in length, about thirty two years since. The whole capital then invested was about thirty thousand dollars. In England the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was finished in 1830. The capital then invested in England, exclusive of coal-roads, was about four millions. Since 1827, in this country, the total miles has increased from 3 miles to 26,000. In England it has increased since 1830 from thirty miles to 9,000 miles.

ACTION TO RECOVER $15,000 FOR ALIENATING THE AFFECTIONS OF A WIFE.—A novel and unusual civil action is now being tried in the Superior Court at Columbus. The action is a suit brought by Lucina A. Bowers against Ira A. Preston, his wife Margaret Preston, and Aaron D. Griffin, all residents of Perry township, Franklin county, to recover fifteen thousand dollars damages sustained by the plaintiff Bowers, by the alienation of the affections of his wife, Mary E. Bowers, formerly Mary E. Kent, and the eventual separation of the pair, produced by the unlawful conspiracy, confederation and contrivance of the said defendants.

The parties in this case are all highly respectable, and of good character. The plaintiff, Mr. Bowers, is a very intelligent man, about thirty-one years of age, and of good appearance; his wife is also intelligent, of prepossessing appearance, and is about twenty years of age. She occupied a seat in Court, and appears to sympathize altogether with the defendants.

From the mass of testimony in the case we gather these points: Mr. and Mrs. Bowers were married in Bardstown, Illinois, in 1858; she, as it would seem, entertaining a neutral affection for him, was induced to marry him by the persuasion of her friends, and at his own earnest entreaties. They were married but a short time, when, as it is alleged, the defendants persuaded her to leave him (the defendants, it is said, though this has not yet appeared in the evidence, were instigated to this by an old rival of the plaintiff,) and come to Ohio, which she attempted to do, but was overtaken on the way by her husband, and was easily induced to stay with him. The defendants, however, continued their efforts, and finally succeeded in separating Mr. Bowers and his wife, and they both came to Franklin county, she to seek refuge among her friends, he to renew his efforts to regain her. The principal reason and justification of the defendants for their part appears to be that, though they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Bowers were not man and wife in a spiritual sense, and were consequently miserable, though no striking evidence of the existence of or reason for this unhappiness has yet appeared in the evidence. A great deal of negotiation and "palavering" took place between the rival houses before this suit, and we hear that even an unsuccessful attempt was made by the plaintiff to sever the ties that bind him to earth, and prove at once his honesty and sincerity by shuffling off his mortal coil. We believe the affair has undergone an examination by the Church and by the society of Odd Fellows; but neither resulting in the restoration of his wife to Mr. Bowers, he has now come down to a civil Court, supplicating as a balm for his many wounds, damages in the round sum of fifteen thousand dollars. What the real cause of the trouble is, has not yet transpired. Thirty witnesses were summoned, and by the time their voluminous testimony is completed, "something may turn up" to shed a ray of light upon this mysterious, and, to us, invisible point.—*Columbus (O.) Statesman.*

A later account than the above says:—"The suit is brought by the husband, Bowers, to recover damages caused by the separation, thus taking from his possession the control of property of which his wife was the expectant.

"The case having been submitted to the jury, they returned a verdict in favor of Bowers of one thousand dollars. This is probably the only instance on record of a man commencing and successfully carrying out a suit to recover damages for the loss of his wife's affection."

THEY have, in Boston, two children, who united weigh less than Tom Thumb. The elder of the sisters is eleven years of age, weighs fifteen pounds, and is twenty-eight inches in height; the younger is aged nine, weighs thirteen pounds, and her height is twenty-six inches. They are perfectly formed, and says the Gazette, one experiences none of the disgust at looking at them that the sight of a dwarf so often inspires, for nothing can be imagined more ethereal than these daintily-formed and fairy-like little creatures.

MRS. NORTON.—An European correspondent writes as follows:—

Skipping over several interesting engagements, I reserve the acquaintance of Mrs. Caroline Norton—the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the sweetest poetess of the age, and one of the handsomest women in England—as a sort of *bonne bouche*, the first to be remembered and the last to be forgotten among the pleasant reminiscences of London—the memorable events of the week.

Soon after arriving in town, I received a charming note from Mrs. Norton (then on a visit to the Duchess of Sutherland at Trentham,) promising an opportunity of a visit on her return to the city, in the course of a few days; and day before yesterday the card of invitation came. She lives in a nice house in Chesterfield street, May Fair, with a son recently married to a pretty Neapolitan. (Her other son, so beautifully described in "The Mother's Heart," is Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris.) Mrs. Norton had been so often and so minutely described to me by one of her most devoted friends; and her handsome face had been made so familiar by paintings and engravings, that I should have recognized her among a million. Her form is tall, full and round; her complexion rich and rose-like; her teeth white; her eye large, lustrous and liquid; her hair dark and massive; and over all these plays a smile of most bewitching sweetness. Her conversation is brilliant and lively; and her laugh is a gush of musical inspiration. "Time writes no wrinkles on her lovely brow!" At the dinner, Mr. William Stirling M. P., was the only other guest presented; but Mr. Hughes, the popular author of "The Scouring of the White Horse," and "Tom Brown's School Days," who could not come in time for soup, dropped in in time for coffee. And then followed one of those charming *Noctes Ambrosianæ* to be recalled in delicious dreams—but not for the columns of the newspaper. Mrs. Norton opened a casket of rare autographs; among them several elegant written notes and letters from Louis Napoleon and the Duke of Orleans; but what she justly prized most highly was a curl of Byron's hair.

It will be gratifying to the multitudinous admirers in America of the fair author of "Love Not," "We have been Friends Together," "The Dream," and many other popular Poems and Romances, to know that she is still living comfortably and elegantly, not to say luxuriously; and surrounded by a devoted circle of friends in the highest ranks of society, who rejoice in the prospect of the rich, calm autumn air now setting in, and succeeding to the stormy spring and tempestuous summer, that have darkened, yet deepened, the life of this rare and radiant woman.

THE SUICIDE "DODGE."—A man, calling himself Lamartine, is wandering through the West and raising funds, by pretending to commit suicide. He takes laudanum and sends for a doctor and clergyman. They come to him and find a letter in his room in the most pathetic style of suicide literature. He states that his poverty is the cause of the rash act. He is restored with difficulty, and sympathetic people raise a purse for him, and he departs. He raised $25 in this way last week at Dayton and $40 at Sandusky, and departed with a "free pass" on the railroad, to commit suicide at some other place.

THE Judson girl, whose elopement from Pontiac, Mich., with the negro Joe, some time since, caused considerable talk, is now in Canada living with him, having again deserted her home and friends. On the occasion of her former elopement, her father and brother reclaimed her with great difficulty, and took her to Indiana, where a divorce was obtained. She went home with them and remained until last week, when she again left, with or without the consent of her parents, and came to Detroit. Crossing the river, she found Joe, and they were speedily married for the second time, and are now living in the enjoyment of connubial happiness, Joe having sold his horse and cart and bought some furniture with the proceeds.

PROBABILITY OF MARRYING.—A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine, exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 25 25 and 25.30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At 30 it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to 45 it is five times as great; and it increases, until at 60 the change of a widower marrying in a year is 11 times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark from this table how confirmed either class becomes in its condition of life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 30 the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each other quinquennial period afterwards.

INFLUENCE OF HORTICULTURE.—Philanthropists are beginning to appreciate the reformatory influence of gardening. At a late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Bishop of Ripon said, that the parish of Skipton, in Yorkshire, England, was inhabited principally by a rude, unrefined, and, to a considerable extent, immoral population, when the Rev. Mr. Boyd was appointed its rector.—The first step he took towards their amelioration and improvement, was to lay out and plant a beautiful flower-garden attached to the rectory, to which he gave free access to his parishioners at all times. He afterwards encouraged some of them to ornament the gardens attached to their cottages by giving them plants and seeds; and in the course of a very few years, this rude population was, by the kindly influence of horticulture and floriculture transformed into a most orderly, gentle and refined community.

SUICIDE THROUGH BREAKING CROCKERY.—An extraordinary suicide has been committed in the Ile de Rhe, near Rochelle. A girl named Gaillet, 15 years of age in the service of a tradesman, had frequently to be scolded by her mistress for breaking crockery. A few days back she broke two bottles, and was again reproached for her awkwardness. She with tears promised to be more careful; but a few minutes after, she let a large soup tureen fall from her hands, and it was broken to pieces. This brought on her fresh blame, and apparently to avoid it, she went out. Not having returned for some time, she was sought for, and her dead body was found floating in the well, into which she had thrown herself.—*Galignani.*

THE ODD FELLOWS.—The Odd Fellows of Philadelphia and other cities recently celebrated their fortieth anniversary with parades, &c. The Order, throughout the Union, is claimed to number about 200,000 members, of whom a large portion are Masons also. The Order was commenced in this city about the year 1820. Their charter came from Baltimore, where Thomas Wildey and four others started a lodge a year previous, under the name of Washington Lodge, No. 1. The latter derived their charter from England. From this feeble beginning sprung the entire machinery of the Order as it exists at present.

A FRENCHMAN named Jean Gelott Hinansson, aged fifty years, and Frances Isemand, a native of Germany, aged fifty likewise, were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock, at St. Louis, on Tuesday. The beauty of the joke is that the old bachelor cannot speak a word of German, and the old maid cannot speak a word of French.

THE COTTAGE AND ITS INMATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries? and who, pray, should know better? No! it wasn't a cottage *exactly*—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized so sweetly with the delightful American scenery! No! it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico; nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose-vines running all over the windows, and whole colonies of wrens that built their nests and sang beneath its eaves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orchard, whence every wind scattered a snowy shower of bloom; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some massive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grassy lane, through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned by the same way at night.

I knew well enough to whom this cottage belonged. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! it was built by the hand of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired his excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him, my visits having always been made to his wife, and during his absence. I had heard of him, though; heard enough to make me intensely curious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood approved the judgment of his wife's choice.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked; "is he immoral?"

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; "but to tell you the truth, Dolly, he's insufferably ugly—his face is all scarred and cicatriced, I should think, by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of the kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said.

"Don't know—never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last summer, and I never dare ask her what had so frightfully disfigured him, but I wish you would—oh, I should so like to know!"

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of calling upon her this very morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking."

"Do! that's a dear good Dolly!"

And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed redolent with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their little heads to sing, warble and build their nests there; I didn't know why it was that the mosses, buttercups, violets and daisies should prefer that place to any other; but they certainly seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole prospect was delightfully rural and picturesque, and over all lingered an influence of dreamy quietude and repose.

A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadows of the giant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the gravelled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door. It was open, and I went in.

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The balmy wind nestled in the wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses bowed their graceful heads, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradle was there; and it required no conjuring to tell that the cradle had an inmate—a self-dignified, thoughtful, imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calmness I couldn't quite understand. It was wide awake, and its great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something, I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me, and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a foul or evil thought to hide; it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded cheek; no falling to that calm, quiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer, serene as the heaven of June.

What a curious mental transcript would be the mind of a baby! Of what was it thinking?

Perhaps of the dainty smells that came in with every breath at the open window, perhaps of the great, red blossoms hanging in clusters amid the green leaves, and the light so warm and rosy falling in showers not far off; perhaps, of its airing yesterday out in the green woods, beside the brook, beneath the shadows of ancient oaks, among the ferns and mosses, and farther into the woods again, where thickets of laurel were one mass of rainbow-tinted bloom. That baby knows nothing of the neglect of hirelings or nursery maids. It has never been left to the tender mercies of strangers, that its mother might attend balls and operas. It has never been dosed with drugs, and put into an unnatural sleep, in order that the nurse might chat, sitting on the steps with her next door neighbor, or, perhaps, entertain company with the cook of an evening in the kitchen. The baby's round, dimpled face and chubby person give the lie at once to any such supposition. It knows nothing of cellars reeking with filth and mire, and all nauseous and unsavory smells. Nothing of attics, close, confined, reeking with smoke, and a stifling atmosphere. Happy baby;—to be cared for continually by its own mother—to inhale with every breath the freshest air, and the perfumes of opening blossoms—to drink in draughts of health and happiness with every opening day. But, the baby, like many others in this great world, don't know how it is blessed.

There was a rustle and flutter of muslin, the sound of a light, springy step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with the glow of health on her cheek, and its light in her eye.

The baby had roused up now, to be sure; no more of its quiet and calmness—no more of its thoughtful serenity. Its little form fairly fluttered with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me, haven't you? and baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said, in a light, chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight. Her invitation had only seconded my design, so removing my bonnet and mantilla, while she sat down in the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

I can't tell what we talked about. No; it wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor lions, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was dissected. No; the infirmities of the clergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was cut or carved. But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly till dinner, and quite as swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great, round sun was sinking behind the trees that glowed and burned in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and without a word laid a portrait in my lap. It was that of a noble looking man, with most expressive and faultless features.

"Is it your husband's?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have never seen him?"

I replied in the negative.

"It is almost time for him to be here," she continued. "You will stay with us this evening?"

I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear. "Yet he says," and a blush overspread her features, "he says that he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with an unaccountable dullness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, and with a sweet, sad smile to her wedding-ring.

"Do tell me the story, I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying,

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have heard, never perhaps I may as well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew, but I had set my mind, very foolishly, I suppose, on having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessity of work. So I alighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely my indifference, but actual loathing and scorn. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it.

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumor reported to be immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost suavity. His attentions to me were marked and not to be mistaken—and though he had never spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed him.

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our beautiful cottage at North Bend; the place was very gay, and social parties large and frequent; I mingled in them all, and Barton was my escort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he seldom approached me, though his deep, sad eyes always seemed following me.

"It was in October, I think, the atmosphere dry and cool, with high winds, when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light, that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind.

"'If that should be our house,' I almost shrieked.

"'Nonsense—it is much farther off,' exclaimed Barton.

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on, nearly dragging him with me.

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. Red forked tongues were lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows; while up at one of the sky-lights stood my mother in her night dress.

"With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people had by this time collected, though chiefly as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some were running with ropes and ladders, others shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey.

"'My mother, my mother,' I cried, 'will no one go the assistance of my mother.'

"Every moment the flames increased with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like the sea in a storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr.

"'Barton, Barton,' I shrieked, 'for God's sake, help my mother.'

"He stood still.

"I implored, and urged him.

"At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"'I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother.'

"'Great heaven, and I have loved this man.' The thought rushed seething and scathing through my brain.

"There was a shout, an exclamation, an utterance of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapidly mounting—on—on through the dense smoke wreaths—through singeing flames, scorched by the intense heat; on—on—he went. It was a moment of intense suspense; the crowd swayed and murmured like a wind swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. Then there was the crash of the falling roof, mingled with wild acclamations; and a great mist swam before my eyes; a noise, not unlike that of the roaring flame, was in my ears, and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects.

"Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus rescued my mother? or what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised. It is necessary, however, for me to tell you, that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of his face and neck seared and scorched till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me finish."

I looked up. A man was there, on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me at all.—Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very soul of truth and nobleness beamed radiantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand, he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad eavesdropper—let me tell you the rest."

I joyfully assented.

"Then and there," he began, "I heard the hot flame roaring around me, and felt its fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was safe in my arms. I knew, when I touched the ground with my precious burden, I heard the acclamations that rent the air, but could only think that I had made her happy, and in the bliss of that assurance, forgot for the time my own sufferings, the world, and everything.

"I lay ill through several weeks—through days and nights that would have been anguish, indeed, had I not known whose care it was that had provided everything essential to my comfort; had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my ear, such a soft hand administered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I experienced such exquisite felicity; never in my strength was I so happy as now in my weakness; now, when she sat beside me, when she read to me, when she brought me fruit and flowers, when she put her hand in mine and whispered something that would have repaid sufferings a thousand times bitterer than mine.

"Oh, William!" she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how silly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of great virtue and heroism. Let him go on; I am deeply interested."

"I have little more to tell," he resumed; "but when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the scars, which I should have known would deface my features. This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested that one should be brought, she implored me to desist, and finally burst into tears. I knew it all now, but thank God it didn't shock me in the least. I took her in my arms, and whispered, that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and wouldn't, for the world, change back again. You have seen and love me now, I said, whereas you didn't before; you know all my disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to kindness, so I have nothing to mourn for.

"Every day of my life since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

WEIGHT OF THE EARTH.—Copernicus first distinctly demonstrated that the apparent terrestrial plain was really a free and independent material mass, moving in a definable path through space. Then Newton explained that this independent mass moved through space because it was substantial and heavy, and because it was unsupported by props and chains; that, in fact, as a massive body, it is falling for ever through the void; but that, as it falls, it sweeps round the sun in a never-ending circuit, attracted towards it by magnet-like energy, but kept off from it by the force of its centrifugal movement. Next, Snell and Picard measured the dimensions of the heavy and falling mass, and found that it was a spherical body, with a girdle of 25,000 miles. Subsequently to this, Bailly contrived a pair of scales that enabled him approximately to weigh the vast sphere; and he ascertained that it had within itself somewhere about 1,256,195,670,000,000,000,000,000 tons of matter. To these discoveries Foucault has recently added demonstration to the actual senses of the fact, that the massive sphere is whirling on itself as it falls through space, and round the sun, so that point after point of its vast surface is brought in succession into the genial influence of its sunshine; an inverting atmosphere of commingled vapor and air is made to present clouds, winds, and rain, and the inverted surface to bear vegetable forms and animated creatures in great diversity. The world is, then, a large, solid sphere, invested with a loosened shell of transparent, elastic, easily moving vapor, and whirling through space within the domains of sunshine; so that by the combined action of the transparent mobile vapor and the stimulant sunshine, organized creatures may grow and live on its surface, and those vital changes may be diffused, amongst which conscious and mental life stand as the highest results.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 208.

A LUNATIC'S REASON.—When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the Chancellor to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him:—

"How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?"

"Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor.

"No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference. A live sheep may have four legs, a dead sheep has but two; the two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two legs of mutton."

☞ SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—He that sips of many arts, drinks of none.—*Fuller.*

CLAREMONT IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

If Heaven's mercy grant you grace
To look upon the summer's face,
You will not find a lovelier place—

Wherein to read the wondrous rhyme
God writes upon the summer-time,
In flowers from every blushing clime—

Than Claremont;—silent in her woods,
And isled in sudden golden floods
Of sunlight poured through leaves and buds!

Once, standing at her antique door,
With heavy trailers tangled o'er,
This vision passed my eyes before—

(Albeit the skies dropped dull and slow
A shifting veil of silent snow,
Betwixt me and the town below.)

I saw her in her summer-pride,
A smiling landscape,—far and wide
Clasped by the ocean's flashing tide.

And leaning where the trellis spread
A leafless canopy o'erhead,
Communing with myself, I said:—

Forever in the human breast
There dwells a longing unexpressed—
A something dimly felt or guessed:—

Though we that something never find,
For which our spirits long have pined
In the lost ages left behind,

Yet, ever in her patient face
Sweet nature gives our nature grace
Some dear resemblances to trace—

Some shadowy recollections vast,
Through which old yearnings for the past
Sweep like a wandering autumn blast!

And even *here* my soul can see,
And read, some solemn prophecy
Of that which was, or is to be!

The clash of horn, the bay of hound
Rolled down the wind a wave of sound—
I started from my summer swound.

Through the wild snow-storm, riding fast,
The glimmer of a horseman passed,
Joyfully battling with the blast;

As down the park he clattering flew,
His locks a sudden sunshine threw—
I saw a flash of April-blue—

His curls and eyes—dear eyes, I said—
Then straight my cheeks went hot and red—
If any one had heard instead

Of my own heart—I whispered low!—
The snow-wind grappled with the snow,
And the vague woods waved to and fro.

Then was my startled heart aware
Of something haunting the bleak air—
The invisible presence of despair;

But from that shade I turned in scorn—
Such love as mine was never born
To walk this weary world forlorn!

And back—despite the wintry cold—
My gorgeous dream of summer rolled,
Royal with purple, green and gold!

(Yet through all thought *this* thought was plain—
Bury the pleasure, but the pain
A vexing phantom will remain!)

Year after year the wild rains fall—
The black moss withers on the wall
And the dim eaves of Claremont Hall.

Green, fibrous-armed, and century-grown,
The ivy takes the west-wind's moan,
And leaps from base to coping stone.

Rich rows of box from May to May
Keep all the garden-borders gay,
That wind along the gravelled way.

Before the parlor casements dim,
Wild, feathery shadows float and swim
From many a rarely blooming limb.

A rose-vine climbs a tropic tree,
That southward leaneth breathlessly,
Hearing the music of the sea—

(Through which an antique legend flows,
Of Indian isles, whose spice-wind blows
Forever—whose summers never close!—)

While from his arm the false rose slips,
To lay her blushing, half-shut lips
Against an oriel's dim eclipse.

Through the wide portal's gloom and shine
Swing clouds of golden jessamine,
Making the atmosphere divine

With fainting perfume. Bird and breeze
Blend melodies with melodies
Of honey-laden humming bees.

And where the mansion's eastern wall
Slopes in, and blushing shadows fall
Upon the sweetest spot of all,

Cresting a battlement sublime—
Who weareth the hoary beard of Time—
Rich Multiflora grandly climb,

And dash into deep garden-bowers,
From the gray crags of gothic towers,
A soundless cataract of flowers!

Here the sweet robins yearly come,
The mocking-birds are never dumb,
And thrushes have their fragrant home

In lilac thickets—tinting rare
With dainty purple the dim air
That shrineth something fine and fair—

The spirit of a faint perfume,
Wind-rifted from the rosy gloom
Of luscious deeps of summer-bloom!

While backward flung from Claremont Hall
The shadows of her roof-trees fall,
And touch the meadow's woodland wall—

Along which woodland, winding slow,
Two wandering streamlets fondly flow
Through wild green dells and hollows low—

Beyond which woodland cool and deep,
Broad glimpses of rich farm-lands sleep,
Walled by a distant mountain-sweep:

At Claremont's feet the city lies,
Her towers bold-drawn against the skies,
And flushed with sunset's thousand dyes!

Whilst from each stately avenue
An island's dim, dissolving view
Blends with old ocean's solemn blue!

Thus in that wintry porch alone,
And heedless of the tempest's moan,
My dream of summertide went on.

Even here—I sighed—my soul can find
Some echo of some master mind
In the long ages left behind—

The good for which my life doth pine—
Two young lips, rosier than wine,
Down-fluttering, nestled upon mine!

He stood between me and the storm—
With sudden sense my heart grew warm—
I leaned upon his sheltering arm—

"In truth," he said, "I am a child,"—
He, blushing, paused, and quaintly smiled—
"And childhood's fancy runneth wild;

"But once I saw an oakling grow
Beside a lily, thriving so
He soon o'ertopped her virgin snow;

"So when the storm rose wild and fast,
He stood between her and the blast,
Shielding her beauty till the last;

"His greenness glorified the place—
But half the splendor, half the grace,
He took from gazing on *her* face!"

(Dimmer I heard the wild refrain,—
Bury the pleasure, but the pain
A haunting phantom *will* remain!)

And she was older?—"By some moons—
Perchance the wind of other Junes
Had taught her heart some plaintive runes—

"What cared he! she his life—his pride!
So day by day, and side by side
They grew—his fair boughs multiplied."

I looked up in his eyes and smiled:
In truth you *are* a simple child,
And childhood's fancy runneth wild.

Ere long the sturdy oak outgrew
The lily, nursed by sun and dew,
Did *she* forget him?—was *he* true?—

Did not some wild-vine, from his feet
Climbing up, crown him crimson-sweet
With beauty far more rare and meet?

Did not the lily shrink and pine?
And all her nature fair and fine
Wither, and fall from its divine?—

(Albeit by suffering we forego
The earth-drops, and are fitted so
For purer atmospheres to grow!)

His forehead like an angel's shone,
As softly said he, stooping down—
"The faithful oak loved only one!

"Maria, should some earthly storm
Sweep o'er *my* lily, threatening harm,
May not my bosom keep it warm?"

Ah! there I lost that olden strain—
Bury the pleasure, but the pain
A dreary spectre will remain!

Some joys, like birds, had crossed the sea
Of loss—some snows had silently
Covered some dead hopes dear to me!

But here the buried dreams and fears,
The haunting ghosts of bygone years,
Dissolved into a mist of tears—

And gazing in his clear blue eyes,
My soul up-drawn to sunnier skies,
Shook off her lifelong vagaries.

West Philadelphia, March, 1859.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BROKEN RAIL.

"Jo, there is a flaw in that," said William Somers, as he raised his ponderous hammer to straighten the rail that had just been rolled out at the Vulcan Mill.

"Then strike it lightly," said Jo, "and we may make it pass, by keeping the flaw side down. At anyrate, there is no harm in trying."

These young men were both workmen at the Vulcan Works; and as their wages depended on the amount of good rails that were turned out, it was very natural that they should be anxious to have as many as possible pass inspection; and as it was not their business to inspect, but to make the rails, they could not be expected to give notice of any concealed defects. After the day's work was over, Jo Green was passing up the track with the heaters, to Snoog's Saloon, where it was their custom to congregate of an evening.

"A mighty good day's work," says one, "who would have thought it the day after our bender."

"Rather poor heats, some of them," said another, "but never mind, twenty-five tons of good rails are to our credit."

"Good over one way," says a third.

"Yes, I know something about that," says Jo. "You may thank me and Bill Somers for some of the good luck. We saw the flaws, but managed to keep the wool over old Sharpie's eyes, and the flaw side down, so as to make them pass muster. Let us take a drink all round on that, each one getting trusted for his own."

"Can't you sleep, William," said Mary Somers, that same night, as her husband seemed very restless, instead of falling into a heavy slumber, as was his custom after a hard day's work; "does the baby disturb you? I am afraid you are sick."

"No," said William, "I am not sick; but was thinking of what took place at the mill, to-day."

Here he related the circumstance of the flaw in the rail.

"Don't let that trouble you," said his wife, "Sharpie will see it, and have the rail thrown out."

"No," said William, "it has already passed inspection, and been loaded on the car."

"Then go in the morning, and have it taken off; and don't worry any more about it now, but try to go to sleep; you have to work so hard, William, you need all the sleep you can get."

William did not reply, but reflected how the heaters would sneer if that particular rail was taken off the car to be worked over again, and how the inspector would lose his confidence, as he was in the habit of saying that anything which passed through William Somers's hands, did not need inspection after, and how Jo Green would let out the fact that they both saw the flaw the day before. But after all, he concluded he would do his duty, and take the consequences. As soon as he formed this resolution, his mind ceased to be troubled, and he fell into a refreshing sleep. In the morning, at breakfast, William told his wife what he had concluded to do. Mary gave him a smile of satisfaction, remarking,

"You always mean to do right, William."

But imagine William's chagrin when he went to put his good resolution into effect, and found that the car had gone out on the night train, and was already a hundred miles away. Here it seemed to him that the trouble was beyond his reach. If he gave notice to the proprietors of the Vulcan Works, they would only blame him, without notifying the Railroad Company who bought the rails that there were defects in them; and, after all, the rail might never break, and maybe he was having all this trouble for nothing.

The winter was fast advancing, and the Shanedock Railroad was all completed with the exception of a few miles along the river bank. The great labor of grading along this steep declivity had just been completed ready for the rails, and the Vulcan Works had just finished up and sent off in great haste enough to lay that distance, so that it was announced the cars would run through the next week. This was great news to the laborers at the Vulcan, for most of them had come over together from Cornwall the year before, and they were now expecting many of their friends who had followed them, and had been waiting a few weeks in New York until the railroad should be completed so as to take them to their destination. Besides, the Vulcan Works had been enlarged, and were greatly in want of more hands who were experienced in the business, and could be trusted.

Christmas came, cold and frosty, and the great wheel at the Vulcan did not move. The great crater chimneys did not send forth their volumes of flame and smoke. The laborers were having a holiday. Every cottage was put in its best trim, every inmate in his best attire. Turkeys and chickens and puddings were smoking in every oven. Not for themselves alone was the feast prepared, for, on the arrival of the eastern train, they expected their friends from the fatherland, from whom they had been so long separated. Some expected brothers, some sisters, some fathers and mothers, others only friends of their childhood. While one among them was expecting to embrace one dearer than a friend, nearer than a sister. Jo Green, since he had heard of the arrival of the vessel in New York, had become a new man. He did not frequent the grocery any more, but became very sober and diligent. Though he kept his own counsel, it was whispered around among the workmen that he had hired the cottage on the side of the hill, and had saved his last two months' wages. Long before the eastern train was due a great crowd was assembled at the station. Some were lolling on the benches, others standing by the redhot stove, while little ragged boys circulated around with their baskets, crying "apples—penny a piece." All at once a murmur ran through the crowd, which instantly swelled to the wildest excitement. The telegraph had announced "train off the track, thrown down the embankment." Just then the train from the west came thundering on without slackening at the depot. William Somers and Joseph Green rushed out like madmen. "Keep off! keep off!" shouted the conductor, but they caught at the railing on the platform of the last car flying by at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and drew themselves up in safety. They were not long in arriving at the scene of the terrible disaster, and began searching among the dead and wounded for the faces they now dreaded to see.

Glancing a little down the stream, Joseph saw, partly sheltered by a clump of bushes, William Somers in company with another man, whose garments were torn and bloody, leaning over the apparently lifeless form of a woman. In an instant he was by their side, and one quick glance told the fearful story.

"Is she dead?" he gasped.

Roused by his words, the expiring girl opened her eyes, and uttered the name "Joseph," then closed them forever.

John Somers, William's brother, had taken charge of her across the ocean, and had brought her safe almost to her journey's end, and though his own arm was broken, besides other injuries, he had watched over her until he who was to have been her future protector arrived. As they were bearing their lifeless burden up the embankment, they heard a group of gentlemen discussing the cause of the accident, who seemed to be agreed that it was frost in the rail which made it break; but those two men looked at each other across their burden. Such a look of recognition! they had seen that broken rail before.

One of them related these facts to me years after, making me promise that, with fictitious names, I would write the story as a warning not only to all such as should work in Rolling Mills, but to every workman in any material, so another need not learn by fearful experience, as he had done, that a lifetime of rectitude cannot atone for one careless and wicked act.

P. L. H.

INTO THE WHISTLERS.—"Speaking of bores," says a victim of one of that species, "I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable *whistler*. I can stand a fife, when all the nation is 'armed and equipped' on training days, and a drum with its 'fiang, fiang,' serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, murdered by a poorer puckerer, I prefer death in some easier, if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being very much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with, 'Mine frien, vat for you all de time vissel? You lose your dog, eh?'"

☞ It is soothing to envy to believe that what is splendid cannot be solid—that what is clear cannot be profound.—*Macaulay.*

LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smaller part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid;
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too?
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her head or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manner's sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not by fire, but burning, too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

AN ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH EXILE.

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, whose husband, so far back as 1799, held an official position, both civil and military, in the colony of New South Wales.—Many anecdotes she told me of celebrated characters who had, in the words of one of them, "left their country for their country's good." With most, if not with all, of these celebrities the old lady had come in contact personally.

"One morning," she began, "I was sitting in my drawing-room with my two little children, who are now middle-aged men with large families, when a gentleman was announced. I gave the order for his admission; and on his entering the door of the apartment, I rose from my chair and greeted him with a bow, which he returned in the most graceful and courtly manner imaginable. His dress was that of a man of fashion, and his bearing that of a person who had moved in the highest circles of society. A vessel had arrived from England a few days previously with passengers, and I fancied that this gentleman was one of them. I asked him to be seated. He took a chair, opposite to me, and at once entered into conversation, making the first topic the extreme warmth of the day, and the second the healthful appearance of my charming children—as he was pleased to speak of them. Apart from a mother liking to hear her children praised, there was such a refinement in the stranger's manner, such a seeming sincerity in all he said, added to such a marvellous neatness of expression, that I could not help thinking he would form a very valuable acquisition to our list of acquaintances, provided he intended remaining in Sydney, instead of settling in the interior of the colony.

"I expressed my regret that the Major (my husband) was from home; but I mentioned that I expected him at one o'clock, at which hour we took luncheon; and I further expressed a hope that our visitor would remain and partake of the meal. With a very pretty smile (which I afterwards discovered had more meaning in it than I was at the time aware of), he feared he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of my table, but, with my permission, he would wait till the appointed hour,—which was then near at hand. Our conversation was resumed; and presently he asked my little ones to go to him. They obeyed at once, albeit they were rather shy children. This satisfied me that the stranger was a man of a kind and gentle disposition. He took the children, seated them on his knees, and began to tell them a fairy story (evidently of his own invention, and extemporized), to which they listened with profound attention. Indeed, I could not help being interested in the story, so fanciful were the ideas, and so poetical the language in which they were expressed.

"The story ended, the stranger replaced the children on the carpet, and approached the table on which stood, in a porcelain vase, a bouquet of flowers. These he admired, and began a discourse on floriculture. I listened with intense earnestness; so profound were all his observations. We were standing at the table for at least eight or ten minutes; my boys hanging on to the skirt of my dress, and every now and then compelling me to beg of them to be silent.

"One o'clock came, but not the Major. I received, however, a note from him, written in pencil on a slip of paper. He would be detained at Government House until half-past two.

"Again I requested the fascinating stranger to partake of luncheon, which was now on a table in the next room; and again, with the same winning smile, he declined. As he was, about, as I thought, to depart, I extended my hand; but, to my astonishment, he stepped back, made a low bow, and declined taking it.

"For a gentleman to have his hand refused when he extends it to another, is embarrassing enough. But for a lady! Who can possibly describe what were my feelings? Had he been the heir to the British throne, visiting that penal settlement in disguise (and from the stranger's manners and conversation he might have been that illustrious personage), he could scarcely have, under the circumstances, treated me in such an extraordinary manner. I scarcely knew what to think. Observing, as the stranger must have done, the blood rush to my cheeks, and being cognizant, evidently, of what was passing through my mind, he spoke as follows:

"'Madam, I am afraid you will never forgive me the liberty I have taken already. But the truth is, the passion suddenly stole over me, and I could not resist the temptation of satisfying myself that the skill which made me so conspicuous in the mother country still remained to me in this convict land.'

"I stared at him, but did not speak.

"'Madam,' he continued, 'the penalty of sitting at table with you, or taking the hand you paid me the compliment to proffer me—yourself in ignorance of the fact I am about to disclose—would have been the forfeiture of my ticket-of-leave, a hundred lashes, and employment on the roads in irons. As it is, I dread the Major's wrath; but I cherish a hope that you will endeavor to appease it, if your advocacy be only a return for the brief amusement I afforded your beautiful children."

"'You are a convict!' I said, indignantly, my hand on the bell-rope.

"'Madam, he said, with an expression of countenance which moved me to pity, in spite of my indignation, 'hear me for one moment."

"'A convicted felon, how dared you enter my drawing-room as a visitor?' I asked him, my anger again getting the better of all my other feelings.

"'The Major, madam,' said the stranger, 'requested me to be at his house at the hour when I presented myself; and he bade me wait if he were from home when I called. The Major wishes to know, who was the person who received from me a diamond necklace which belonged to the Marchioness of Dorrington, and came into my possession at a state ball some four or five years ago—a state ball at which I had the honor of being present. Now, madam, when the orderly who opened the front door informed me that the Major was not at home, but that you were, that indomitable impudence which so often carried me into the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of our country, took possession of me; and, warmed as I was with generous wine—just sufficiently to give me courage—I determined to tread once more on a lady's carpet, and enter into conversation with her. That much I felt the Major would forgive me; and, therefore, I requested the orderly to announce a gentleman. Indeed, madam, I shall make the forgiveness of the liberties I have taken in this room the condition of my giving that information which shall restore to the Marchioness of Dorrington the gem of which I deprived her—a gem which is still unpledged, and in the possession of one who will restore it on an application, accompanied by a letter in my handwriting.'

"Again I kept silence.

"'Madam!' he exclaimed, somewhat impassionedly, and rather proudly, 'I am no other man than Barrington, the illustrious pickpocket; and this is the hand which in its day has gently plucked from ladies of rank and wealth, jewels which realised, in all, upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, irrespective of those which were in my possession, under lock and key, when fortune turned her back upon me.'

"'Barrington, the pickpocket!' Having heard so much of this man and of his exploits, (although, of course, I had never seen him,) I could not help regarding him with curiosity; so much so, that I could scarcely be angry with him any longer.

"'Madam,' he continued, 'I have told you that I longed to satisfy myself whether that skill which rendered me so illustrious in Europe still remained to me, in this country, after five years of desuetude? I can conscientiously say that I am just as perfect in the art, that the touch is just as soft, and the nerve as steady as when I sat in the dress-circle at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.'

"'I do not comprehend you, Mr. Barrington,' I replied. (I could not help saying *Mister.*)

"'But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?'

"I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone.

"'And your thimble and pencil-case, and your smelling-salts? They are here!' (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

"My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practise his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But, before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face, I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him.

"'Ah, madam,' he sighed, 'such is the change that often comes over the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so; simply that they might be talked about. Alas! such is the weakness of poor human nature that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in power then, not in bondage. 'Barrington has my diamond ear-rings!' once exclaimed the old Countess of Kettlebank, clasping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was not true. Her diamonds were paste, and she knew it, and I caused them to be returned to her. Had you not a pair of very small pearl-drops in your ears this morning, madam?'

"I placed my hands to my ears, and discovered that the drops were gone. Again my anger returned, and I said, 'How dared you, sir, place your fingers on my face?'

"'Upon my sacred word and honor, madam,' he replied, placing his hand over his left breast, and bowing, 'I did nothing of the kind. The ear is the most sensitive part of the human body to the touch of another person. Had I touched your ear my hope of having these drops in my waistcoat-pocket would have been gone. It was the springs only that I touched, and the drops fell into the palm of my left-hand.' He placed the ear-rings on the table, and made me another very low bow.

"'And when did you deprive me of them?' I asked him.

"'When I was discoursing on floriculture, you had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of those occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—if crime you still consider it—since I have told you and I spoke the truth; that it was not for the sake of gain, but simply to satisfy a passionate curiosity. It was as delicate and as difficult an operation as any I ever performed in the whole course of my professional career.'

"There was a peculiar quaintness of humor and of action thrown into this speech; I could not refrain from laughing. But, to my great satisfaction, the illustrious pickpocket did not join in the laugh. He regarded me with a look of extreme humility, and maintained a respectful silence, which was shortly broken by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was the Major, who, suddenly remembering his appointment with Barrington, had contrived to make his escape from Government House, in order to keep it. The Major seemed rather surprised to find Barrington in my drawing-room; but he was in such a hurry, and so anxious, that he said nothing on the subject.

"I withdrew to the passage, whence I could overhear all that took place.

"'Now, look here, Barrington,' said my husband, impetuously, 'I will have no more nonsense. As for a free pardon, or even a conditional pardon, at present, it is out of the question. In getting you a ticket-of-leave I have done all that I possibly can; and, as I am a living man, I give you fair warning that if you do not keep faith with me, I will undo what I have already done. A free pardon! What! Let you loose upon the society of England again? The colonial secretary would scout the idea, and severely censure the governor for recommending such a thing. You know, as well as I do, that if you returned to England to-morrow, and had an income of five thousand a year, you would never be able to keep those fingers of yours quiet.'

"'Well, I think you are right, Major,' said the illustrious personage.

"'Then you will write that letter at once?'

"'I will. But on one condition.'

"'Another condition?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, what is that condition? You have so many conditions that I begin to think the necklace will not be forthcoming after all. And, if it be not, by—'

"'Do not excite yourself to anger, Major. I give you my honor—'

"'Your honor! Nonsense! What I want is, the jewel restored to its owner.'

"'And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended, with me for what I have done this day!'

"'What is that?'

"'Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me.'

"My husband opened the drawing-room door, and called out 'Bessie!'

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself, and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humor that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected to regard the little drama (and this made it the more amusing) as a very serious business.

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take.' And seating himself at the table, he wrote:

"'Mr. Barrington presents his compliments to Mr. ———, and requests that a sealed packet, marked DN. No. 27, be immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity ere long of explaining to Mr. ———, in Sydney, New South Wales, that he (Mr. ———) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly.'

"Fourteen months passed away when, one morning, my husband received a letter from a gentleman in the Colonial Office. He clapped his hands, cried Bravo! and then read to me as follows:

"'My Dear Major,—The great pickpocket has been as good as his word. My lady is again in possession of her brilliants. Do whatever you can for Barrington *in the colony*; but keep a sharp eye upon him, lest he should come back and once more get hold of that necklace.'

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners?

"'Thank you—no!' was the reply. 'There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name!'"

How They Treat Woman-Whippers in Paraguay.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering toward this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, as if his task was a weary one.

After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter.

"Yes. What is he—who is he?"

"The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well-stocked estanchia."

"And yet is here as a servant?"

"Yes. He was guilty of the ungallant act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the Iron Works. He will at last liberate himself only by paying a large sum, or its equivalent in cattle."

So much for the rights of women, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.—*Page's "La Plata and Paraguay."*

☞ A Word to Husbands.—No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that she is so dressed.—*Dr. Johnson.*

SOLVING THE "GHOST QUESTION."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A. MARION.

About the year 18—, business had called me to a remote part of B——— county, Tennessee, and I was staying at the house of a Mr. Rubert.

The family consisted of Mr. Rubert and wife, one son, and two daughters. The son's name was Austin; he was about twenty years of age, and seemed to be very intelligent. The girls were no less intelligent than Austin. Adela, the eldest, was about seventeen, and Julia, the youngest, about fifteen.

Prettier girls I never saw. I loved them both as soon as I had seen them.

We were sitting by a blazing fire, talking and laughing as lively as if we had been acquainted for years; when a sudden noise, as if some large building was falling, interrupted us.

"Ugh! ugh!! ugh!!!" said some one, as if frightened out of his senses.

All of the family rushed to the door, except Julia, who sat still, and remarked,

"It is Bill Jenkins running from the ghosts again."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when in rushed a tall, gawky, awkward, almost beardless fellow, puffing and blowing like a locomotive.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Rubert.

"Matter enough!" said Bill, his eyes looking almost as large as the bottoms of two common-sized tea-cups. "Out yonder," he continued, throwing himself down upon a chair; "out yonder, I heard a baby a cryin', and then somebody a groanin' and snuffin'; and I tell ye I jest got away from thar."

At this I could not suppress a laugh.

"You needn't laugh, old hoss," continued he, turning to me; "you needn't laugh, for I'll swear it's no fun; it's jest so—I'll swear it."

I turned to Austin and said,

"Let us accompany him back to the place where he heard the noise, and 'solve' the ghost for him."

Austin was silent.

"Will you go?" I asked.

Austin began to stammer out something.

"Darn me!" interrupted Bill, "darn me, gentlemen, if you get me back thar anymore; see if you do!"

"Then tell us where it was," said I, "and if we can hear it, we'll solve it sure."

"Austin don't care much about going, I believe," said Adela.

"You're not superstitious, are you," I asked him.

"No," said he, "I'm not superstitious, but I'm afraid of catching cold, that's all."

"I propose," said Julia, who had been silent till now, "that we all go, Mr. Marion, Austin, Adela, and myself. The moon is now up, and it would be a pleasant walk for us, besides, we might have some real fun."

After some hesitation on Austin's part, this proposition was accepted. Bill told us where he had heard the ghost, but would not go with us.

Off we started. When we came to the spot, we found that Bill had knocked down about twenty pannels of the fence.

We had gone two or three hundred yards, talking very lively, when we entered a low, dark place in the road; the timber was very tall and thick, which caused it to be darker than anywhere else.

When advanced a few paces into this place, our conversation stopped. Scarcely had we ceased talking, when—

"Boo-woo-woo-ugh!" went something near us.

"What's that?" said Austin, halting.

I advanced, and Julia stepped to my side and said—

"It's Bill's ghost, sure."

"Oo-boo ho-woo-ugh!" came forth again.

I could suppress my laughter no longer. It proved to be nothing more nor less than a hog, which was not sleeping comfortably, and was thus complaining.

"What is it?" insisted Austin, who had not yet found out what it was.

Just then we came to the hog-bed, and the hogs all ran off, frightened as badly as Bill was.

"Humph!" said Austin; "it's hogs, I'll swear, that caused Bill so much running."

We turned and went back to the house, and had a fine laugh at Bill, about his ghosts; but Bill would not give up but that his were real ghosts.

I learned that there were but few persons in this neighborhood who were not superstitious.

I was informed that the place where Bill had heard the ghost, was really haunted.

Among other stories that were told that night concerning the place, one was as follows:—

Some time ago a man was coming through this place: it was very dark; he heard something by the roadside; turning in the direction of the noise, he perceived something white. It looked, he said, like a woman, dressed in white. He spoke to her; she raised her arms above her head, and said:

"John Kinsler, if you will be happy, you must marry Jane Merton, and have the Rubert family at the wedding. Remember, John Kinsler!"

So saying, she dropped her arms, and ascended slowly upwards, until she was out of sight.

John afterwards married Jane, and the Rubert family were at the wedding.

I expressed a desire to see or hear some such ghosts, but Austin thought that I would repent of my wish when I saw them.

Bed-time came, and we retired as the clock struck twelve.

I lay awake in bed a long time, thinking of the incidents of the day.

I thought of Adela and Julia; which I loved best I could not tell.

Nothing else took place worth relating here during my stay at Mr. Rubert's. I left next morning, "living and loving."

Two years after the above-mentioned incident took place, I was passing through that part of the country again, and of course I called on Mr. Rubert.

I found that the neighborhood was as superstitious as ever. The place where Bill Jenkins had heard the ghost, was still haunted. Many things had been heard; sights had been seen—from an Angel to Beelzebub himself.

I was very anxious to come across one of the ghosts, and during my stay at Mr. Rubert's I passed through the haunted place at all times of the night, but saw and heard nothing. I finally came to the conclusion that it was all imagination.

One dark night in July I was passing through this place, and heard something make a noise in the dry leaves near me; turning towards the noise I beheld something that looked, I thought, very much like a ghost. It seemed to be the figure of a woman. There was no waist in her dress, and it was very long. All this I could make out, notwithstanding the darkness.

I stood still to see what she would do. I must acknowledge that I did not feel exactly cool just then, but I managed to appear so.

"Marion," said the ghost, "if you will be happy you must marry Julia Rubert. Remember, Marion!"

Judge of my surprise and horror when the ghost spread out her arms, and ascended upward, until she was lost in the timber! What could I do? Scared as I was, I did not run, knocking down the fence, as Bill Jenkins did.

I started on slowly toward Mr. Rubert's; after I had gone a few paces, I heard a distant roaring behind me that continued more than two minutes. I did not look back, for I did not care about coming in contact with another ghost that night.

At an early hour I retired. Next morning when I came into the parlor Julia was there alone. When she entered she greeted me blushing and trembling.

After I had looked around and convinced myself that no one was near, I said,

"Julia, at last I have seen a ghost."

When I said this Julia again blushed and turned her face from me.

"What kind of a ghost was it?" said she.

I told her all I had seen, but omitted what the ghost had said.

Julia told me that she had seen one just like it two or three nights before.

"I suppose," said she, "that you have become superstitious?"

I could not deny, yet I would not acknowledge that I was superstitious.

I implored Julia not to mention it until I could find out something more about the ghost, and she promised.

I determined to pass through this place every night during my stay at Mr. Rubert's, which was to continue about two weeks from this time.

For several nights I heard nothing, nor did I see anything like a ghost until the night before my departure, when, walking along, I beheld the same ghost, at the same place, standing about twenty feet from me when I first beheld it. I stopped, and the ghost said,

"Marion, to-morrow you leave this place, and you have not asked Julia to be your wife. Go and ask her at once. Remember, Marion!"

Instantly I rushed forward and threw my arms around the ghost. She shrieked, and started up; I held fast, and up we went.

No pen can describe, no tongue can tell, in fact no one can imagine, my feelings at this moment.

Up we went. Still I held on to the ghost.—But I was becoming sick of my situation. I had my whole weight to hold up, by holding to the phantom.

"Let me down!" shouted I.

"Promise me one thing," said the ghost.—"Promise that you will leave the spot as soon as you touch the ground."

"I promise anything to get from here," said I.

"Let us down!" she shouted as loud as I had.

Down we went. But as we went down, I was very busy trying to find out something more about her. I found that she had a large rope around her, and was drawn up by it. A loop was made for her feet, then one for each hand; and she could stand upright with the greatest ease.

Just as we touched the ground, I took out my knife and cut the rope, just above the head of the ghost.

She shrieked and fell to the ground; I raised her up.

"Oh!" said she, "Beelzebub will be here in a moment. See! there he comes now!"

Here she tried to leave me, but I held on to her. I heard a terrible noise in the dry leaves just behind me. I looked around, and something was approaching. As near as I could discern in the dark, it resembled a very large man.

It came up very close to me, and stood still for a moment; then it tapped me on the shoulder, and said, in a rough, hoarse voice,

"Come!"

I put my hand down to the ground, and, as luck would have it, I put it on a stick about as large as a man's arm. I snatched it up, and gave "Beelzebub" a blow with it which brought him to the ground.

My ghostly companion again shrieked and fell. I caught her up in my arms, and retreated as fast as my legs could carry me. Presently I ran against the fence, and knocked as much of it down as Bill Jenkins did. But I did not stop, but went on and into the house.

I set the ghost upon a chair and called for a light. She here made a great effort to escape, but all was in vain.

A light was brought; a veil covered her face, and it was with great difficulty that I removed it. After a considerable struggle the veil was removed, and lo! it was JULIA RUBERT!

She shrieked and fell to the ground, and was then carried off to her room.

Just here, in came a negro girl, a slave of Mr. Rubert's, looking as if she was frightened out of her senses.

"Massa! massa! run in de kitchen right quick, 'cause Sambo come in dar all bloody, an' a bleedin' yet; he say he got he head broke."

Austin and myself went into the kitchen, to examine Sambo's head. There was a very large gash, cut to the bone, just above his left temple.

To be brief, Julia had employed a negro man, Sambo, to assist her. He had procured a long rope, and fastened it around Julia, as I have already described; and then, climbing a very large tree, put the rope through a fork, and then descended. By this he could raise Julia as high as the fork of the tree, where she would be entirely out of sight to any person below, owing to the thickness of the timber.

Julia was the ghost that told John Kinsler to marry Jane Merton; and Sambo had always acted "Beelzebub" when necessary. But after he had acted "Beelzebub" with me, he swore he "neber would be debil agin."

I bore no grudge on account of Julia's manner of courting me—on the contrary, I felt rather pleased and complimented. In about six months from that time, we were married.

Years have since rolled by. A robust boy and a pretty little girl have blessed our union, and never have I repented for one moment that I saw the ghost, or that Julia became my wife.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

It is not generally known that the concluding ascription in the Lord's Prayer, ("for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever,") as printed in the common version of the Bible, is probably an interpolation. A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says:

There are the strongest reasons for believing that the doxology formed no part of the prayer as it was originally recorded by Matthew. It is wanting in the most ancient and valuable Greek manuscripts, and in several of the most important ancient versions, as the Old Latin or Italic, the Vulgate, and the Coptic; and it is not recognized by the early Christian Fathers who quote the prayer, as Tertullian, Cyprian, Origen, Cyril of Jerusalem and others. We can easily understand how it crept into the text from the ancient liturgies; the steps of the process are traceable in our present manuscript copies, in many of which it stands in the margin only, while in others it is written with red ink—but its omission in the very ancient and independent authorities from which it is absent, cannot be reasonably explained on the supposition of its genuineness. The different forms in which it appears in the documents which contain it are an additional indication of its spurious character.

Such being the state of the case, it is not strange that this doxology is rejected as an interpolation by a very large majority of the most eminent Protestant critics and commentators, as by Mill, Bengel, Wetstein, Griesback, Knapp, Schott, Bloomfield, Scholz, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Theile, Alford, and Tregelles, in their editions of the Greek Testament; by Luther (in his Catechisms,) Melancthon, Zwingli, Bucer, Grotius, Walton, Rosenmuller, Kuinvel, Tholuck, Olshausen, De Wette, Meyer, and Norton; by Porter Davidson, and Green, in their recent works on biblical criticism; and by a host of other good Protestants of lesser note. Alford, in the third edition of his Greek Testament, (London, 1856,) remarks:—"The doxology must on every ground of sound criticism be omitted—We find absolutely no trace of it in early times, in any family of MSS. or in any expositors."

As the doxology is wanting in the Latin Vulgate version, made by St. Jerome in the latter part of the fourth century, it is absent, of course, from the Roman Catholic translation. On the other hand, as it existed in most editions of the Greek Testament current in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, those editions being founded on modern manuscripts, it is not surprising that it appears in the common version.

Historical.—Dr. Bentley, the eccentric pastor of the East Church, was famous for lugging into his discourse on public occasions all sorts of scraps of local information, town history, and personal recollections, &c. Whether in the pulpit, at the wedding, or the grave, the "local item" was never wanting, though not always strictly appropriate to the occasion. A curious instance of this habit was related to us by one who heard it, as having occurred at a funeral in the lower part of the town. The deceased was a Mr. S———, who had lived near Beverly Bridge, where his family had long resided. Dr. Bentley, in opening the services, launched forth in the following strain: "Oh, God! the man who with his own hand felled the trees, and hewed the timber, and erected the frame of the house in which we now are, was grandfather of the man whose funeral obsequies we have met to-day to perform."—*Salem Observer.*

Self-Made Men.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Massillon, as well as Fletcher, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr was a peasant.—Sixtus V. was employed in keeping swine.—Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds. Æsop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Porson was the son of a parish clerk. Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

☞ National Differences.—Richter, one of the most distinguished authors in Germany, used to assert that the empire of the sea belonged to England, the empire of the earth to France, and the empire of the air to Germany; while Montesquieu observed, as the result of his travels, that Germany was made to be visited, Italy to repose in, England to think in, and France to live in.

☞ The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years.

THE SHELL BANK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY D. A. BIBB.

I had been absent from the United States about three years, and returning to New Orleans, was spending the days pleasantly enough with a few acquaintances, when I received a note from my old friend, Harry Wade, who had seen my name in the list of arrivals, and wrote inviting me to visit him at his plantation at Port Gibson. Going that evening, by the steamer, and landing at Grand Gulf, I proceeded, by stage, to Port Gibson, nine miles inland; and hiring a buggy, was driven up to my friend's gate about two hours before sundown. I will not linger over our meeting. Mrs. Wade treated me as a brother, and I felt happier than I remembered ever to have done before. Wade, Junior, not yet a year old, was admired to his parents' content, and tea-time came unexpectedly quick.

After tea, Harry produced his cigars; and the weather turning chilly, we sat around the parlor fire, the first fever of meeting subsiding into a quieter happiness. Observing on the mantel-piece, what seemed a mound of common shells, protected by a large glass cover, I rose to examine it, thinking to find something to account for the position and care taken of such mean articles. There was nothing, however, but a square flattened pyramid of exactly such shells as are used in New Orleans for making roads; and I turned to Harry, with a puzzled and inquiring look.

"Can't make out what they are put there for, eh?" he said, with a twinkling in his eye.

"No," I answered, "for they have neither beauty nor value."

"They are a memento of how I made my fortune; which you haven't yet inquired about."

"I thought your Cousin Ellen had prodigally given you a fortune with herself."

"Not a bit of it;" (a favorite expression of his;) "Uncle Grattan settled every cent of her fortune on herself; and I would never have gotten her, if I had not had a fortune of my own."

"A fortune of your own! and these poor shells, a memento of how you made it? Let's have the story.

"To make a good story of it, I must begin at the beginning. You remember the day at Oakland College, when I showed you a letter from Uncle Grattan, informing me briefly but kindly of my father's death, and of the unexpected fact, that when all his debts were paid, there would be barely enough left to carry me through college, and afterwards enable me to study a profession. My father was himself aware that such would be the case, and spoke of civil engineering as the most profitable of the professions, but had not left any special command upon the subject, thinking it best that I should choose for myself. You know that from that day, I paid special attention to surveying, and to everything connected with the business of a civil engineer.

"My father had been a merchant in Mobile, and my Uncle Grattan was a cotton-planter, in this neighborhood. He was not my uncle by blood, but had married my aunt; and had one child, a daughter, by a former wife. All of them were complete strangers to me, up to the time of my leaving college, when I went to live with them, until my future career was decided on.

"Ellen Grattan was then in her fourteenth year. From the first I called her Cousin Ellen, and was called by her Cousin Harry. She was so pretty, so sweet, and winning in all her ways, that I felt very much tempted to fall in love with her—but was kept from doing so by the remembrance of my dignity as a graduate of Oakland College. It would never do to fall in love with a child of thirteen. So our intercourse was entirely cousinly; and nobody seemed to know or remember that she was not my aunt's own daughter.

"She was sent in the carriage to Port Gibson every Monday morning to school, and returned on Friday evening. It was summer when I came; and before a month elapsed, I joined some rail-road surveyors, and saw three months of practical work. When I returned to Uncle Grattan's house, winter was commencing; and rainy weather kept Ellen at home all the first week after. I believed it was then I fell in love with her—for I suddenly determined to study medicine; and was perfectly conscious that the certainty of being near her for the next two years, was one of the allurements to that profession.

"A cousin of Uncle Grattan's was a practising physician in Port Gibson, and approved of my choice. Accordingly I arranged all preliminaries and took up my quarters with him, and plunged into the mysteries of Materia Medica.

"I got on well with my studies, but much more rapidly grew my love for my charming cousin. Before she was fifteen or I twenty, it was become measureless. Yet it was a secret from all; I never spoke of it, and was only thought to be a very affectionate cousin. My affection, so freely shown to my two real cousins, Ellen's half brother and half-sister helped to blind everybody to the boundless devotion to Ellen that filled my heart, but was never told even jestingly, or to her.

"It was the first week in October. I was twenty-one, she sixteen. In one year more she was to leave school, and I was to start next day for New Orleans to remain there until I got my diploma, that is through two winters, and the intervening summer. All went to bed but she and I. At last she, too, rose to go.

"'Cousin Ellen,' I said, 'it is not right for a poor man to aspire to you. Your father would never consent. But if you would *only wait*. Oh, if you would *only* wait, until—'

"'I will wait, Cousin Harry,' she said, and ran off. And that was all that ever either of us said, but I trusted her. I could never have loved her so much if she had not been one to trust.

"I was off in the morning before she was up. During the winter, walks about the streets, and occasionally a visit to the theatre was recreation enough for me, receiving, as I did, letters from Ellen every two weeks. They were just such letters as would have been written had those pregnant parting words remained unuttered, and mine were like them. As spring began to assume the appearance of summer, a drive down the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain was now and then indulged in. Once when driving along at a dashing gait, in company with a fellow student, who, like you, seemed to have picked up information on every imaginable subject and to whom his acquaintances put questions as to a walking encyclopedia, I asked,

"'Bob, where do they get all these shells from? If repairs alone require such piles as we see along the bank of the canal, it must have taken an immense quantity to make this road, seven miles long, originally.'

"'I guess it did. They were worth then five cents per barrel. They are now worth twenty-cents, and the making of the new shell road is just begun.'

"'But where do they come from?'

"'Didn't you see Doctor Cartwright's letter in one of the papers last winter, about the mounds or shell banks as they are commonly called, found along the shores of Lake Borgne? The old doctor fails to make even a good guess at their origin. They contain no data upon which to base conjecture, and all that is known is that they are the work of human hands. He describes the two principal ones, one of which is on this, the other on the opposite shore of the lake. That on this side has been largely excavated, and furnished at least half the shells hitherto used on this road. It is now considerably reduced in size, and though small banks exist in various localities, the great one on Mulatto Bayou, in Mississippi, now attracts the attention of everybody interested in shells. It belongs to old Judge Dalby, a very rich man, who foresaw that its value was sure to increase, and has kept it almost intact until now. It is thought the present price of twenty-five cents per barrel will induce him to excavate it, as, saying there are only five hundred thousand barrels in the bank, it will bring him an hundred thousand dollars. But the quantity of dirt mixed with the shells, in the interior of the mound, being uncertain, the Mulatto Bayou shell bank, is priced at only thirty thousand dollars cash, in New Orleans. That was offered for it by the man who has contracted to make the new shell road, and was refused.'

"'By George! I wish I owned it.'

"'Don't you? g'lang!' and he made the horse step out to the best of his ability.

"A fellow-student, who had also been a fellow-boarder, whose father planted Sea Island cotton, near Mulatto Bayou, visited the city in September, and gave me and two others an invitation to come over and take a two weeks' hunt with him. A schooner, belonging to his father, made weekly trips to the city with wood, and we were to go over on her to Mulatto Bayou, and walk thence to the plantation.—Early one bright morning, we were assembled on her deck, clean swept for the occasion, dressed in our oldest clothes, each with a small carpet-bag, an overcoat, and a gun, a demi-john of fine old "Bourbon" being in common; waiting for the slow mules, and their slower driver to hitch on, and drag us through the canal which leads from the new Basin to Lake Ponchartrain. It was nine o'clock before we began to move. It was twelve when we entered the lake, and we had fifty miles sailing before us.

"But the wind was strong and fair, and the day beautiful, its heat tempered by the evaporation from the water. As soon as we were fairly before the wind, we dined, principally upon raw oysters, and talked and smoked and drank, as merry a set as the world ever saw.

"The breeze died away just before sunset, leaving us becalmed at the entrance of the Rigolets (pronounced Rigolees by the sailors), the channel which connects Lakes Ponchartrain and Borgne. The wind came again, however, with the stars, and on we went, the water gurgling musically about our prow and along the sides. By-and-by the moon rose, three-quarters full; we were just entering the mouth of Mulatto Bayou when the light became strong enough to reveal the scenery.

"Mulatto Bayou comes into the mouth of Pearl River, just before that enters Lake Borgne. Seven or eight miles of marsh, clothed in tall, rank, coarse grass, stretched to the north, through which the river and the bayou wound like great ditches, while to the south was the lake, and behind it the Rigolets.

"The wind was southwest, and enabled us to shoot along the bayou, whose general course was east of north. Just as we reached the verge of the woods, where the marsh ended, we passed the great shell bank, covering three acres, and full twenty feet high. We had no time to examine it, as, if the wind failed before we reached our landing place, we should have had to pole the schooner along, and, though propelled by the wind she seemed to move so lightly, we should have found pushing her along with poles heavy work.

"The wind held steady, and bore us along to our landing in fine style. The bayou itself was not more than twenty yards across, but along each bank spread a marsh more than three times as wide, so that the wind availed through all its windings, which were not many, nor great enough to shut out the view of the lake. One and a-half miles after entering the woods, we tied up at Mr. Mitchell's wood-yard. On the opposite bank, beyond the marsh, were the sheds pertaining to a brickyard, and beneath one of them a fire. The mosquitos where the schooner lay were too thick to allow of sleep, and we voted a general adjournment to the brickyard, which, being on higher ground, was more free of the little tormentors.

"So carrying our demijohn along, we crowded into the skiff, and found the County Surveyor, with two young men as assistants, camped under the shed, where we had seen the fire. Judge Dalby had died about three months previous, and the surveyor was now engaged in re-surveying the estate, re-marking the lines and corners preparatory to a sale. We gathered a heap of pine straw each, and lay down to take a few hour's sleep.

"We were awakened just as the east was reddening, by a negro on horseback, who brought word to the surveyor that his wife was dangerously sick, and requested his presence immediately. The gentleman was a good deal put out, if such an expression is allowable when speaking of such grave circumstances, by the news, saying that the completion of his survey was expected that very day, and he had positively promised it, and even made it a condition of his fee. I put an end to his trouble by offering to complete it for him, and as a few minutes conversation sufficed to convince him that I was perfectly competent, he gladly consented, saying that he could go over it again at a future day if necessary.

"The survey was already nearly completed. Two sides of section twenty-two alone remained to be run, and I got through by mid-day. The man who had first made the survey must have been drunk, or had a very defective compass, for I was specially careful, under the circumstances, and knew that I had made no mistake. Yet my corner was a hundred yards from his, and proved the great shell bank to be not in section twenty-two, as was supposed, but in section twenty-seven. Consulting the map which the County Surveyor had left with me, I found that section twenty-seven was still public land. The lines, as first run, had included all the valuable ground, in the numbers entered at the Land Office in Judge Dalby's name, the rest being only worthless salt-marsh.

"Now here was a discovery! Thirty thousand dollars cash, lying there on that little promontory, belonging to nobody. The two assistants I had were ignorant fellows, who only knew enough to measure with the chain and obey orders, so the secret was entirely my own.

I thought of Ellen Grattan; she might now be my wife without any delay, with all the inevitable adverse chances that attend it.

"I went to Pearlington, where the surveyor lived, and returned him his compass and chain, and inquired where I could buy a horse. I had with me just one hundred and twenty-five dollars, more than half in gold. I found that evening an active old gray pony, which, with an old saddle and bridle, I bought for forty-five dollars, and early next morning set out for Augusta, where the Land Office was located, which was nearly ninety miles distant. I reached there about noon on the third day, and by paying fifty dollars in gold, became the lawful owner of the east half of the north half of the north-east quarter of section twenty seven, Township ———, Range ———, east.

"In three days more I was back in Pearlington. The County Surveyor's wife was convalescent, and I requested him immediately to verify my survey, and give me a certificate of its correctness. He was much chagrined at having missed such a fortune, but did not express any doubt of the correctness of my work, having himself discovered several grave mistakes before I undertook the completion of his survey. He immediately went over the lines again, and gave me his certificate on oath, of the correctness of the position of the shell bank. You may suppose that I was not particularly anxious to see either of Judge Dalby's heirs, so I went from Pearlington directly to the city, leaving an explanatory note for the friend whom I had come over to visit.

"I went to the contractor for the new shell road, and made him a proposition. He at once went over to Mulatto Bayou, accompanied by one of the most reliable surveyors in New Orleans, and when he returned a week afterwards, satisfied that my title was perfectly good, he paid me thirty thousand dollars for my forty acres.

"I packed up and returned home, told Uncle Grattan my good fortune, and asked him for Ellen, and it is a little curious, but he really thinks now that he would have given her to me, if I had been only a poor M. D., but I know better. I bought this place, and we were married before she had had a chance to soil the bloom of her heart with a single flirtation."

"You are a lucky man," was all I said when Wade ended his narrative, which, like every anecdote I ever heard from him, was only a simple statements of facts, without an unnecessary adjective.

POETS ARE PROPHETS.—Coleridge prophesied of the atmospheric railroad in the Ancient Mariner:

> For why drives on that ship so fast,
> Without or wave or wind?
> *The air is cut away before,*
> *And closes from behind*, &c.

Webster, rather earlier, prophesied most clearly of the present "Great Eastern," and her mishaps, in The Devil's Law Case:

Ariosto. Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadful,
And unfortunate names, I never look'd they'd prosper.

Romelio. Is there any ill omen in giving names to ships?

Ariosto. Did you not call one *The Storm's Defiance*,
Another *The Scourge of the Sea*, and the third *The Great Leviathan?*

Romelio. Very right, sir.

Ariosto. Very devilish names
All three of them; and surely I think
They were cursed in their very cradles, I do mean,
When they were upon their stocks.

☞ A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—If a young lady "throws herself away," *understand*, she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," *understand* that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

☞ QUACK POTIONS.—A lady waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure everything. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

☞ A BAD SERVANT.—A visitor called upon Fontenelle, the celebrated French wit, and finding him out of temper, inquired—"What ails you, Fontenelle?" "What ails me?" he replied, "I have a servant who serves me as badly as if I had twenty."

☞ ONE ADVANTAGE IN CONFIDENCY.—One actor speaking of another, who was as round as Falstaff and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, exclaimed,—"He is headstrong as a mule! and why? Because he knows that nobody could beat him thoroughly in one day!"

☞ Lord John Russell, by the number of Administrations which he has succeeded in overthrowing, has secured for himself a name in history. It is that of Jack the Cabinet-Killer.—*London Punch.*

NEWS ITEMS.

MRS. ADA COAN, who recently lectured on Spiritualism in this and other cities, has renounced Spiritualism, and publicly stated that in her opinion nine-tenths of the so-called spiritual manifestations were utter and shameless impositions.

A FAMILY in Manchester, N. H., named Chamberlain, have, for the last five years, kept the corpse of an infant in the house as a pet. They were forced to inter it by the authorities a few days since.

A GRATE FOUNDER.—Mirès, the Paris banker, recently gave a ball which cost twenty-five thousand dollars. He began life by selling old *stoves*.

CAST STEEL BY ONE OPERATION.—A Mr. Brookman, of London, claims to have discovered a method of producing cast steel from any kind of iron by one operation. The claim of the patentee says the process consists in "cementing portions of iron or steel of any description in a crucible or furnace by means of alkaline or earthly materials in states of oxyds of salts." For the conversion of an inferior quality of iron or steel into a superior article, he uses about 3 per cent. of alkaline material, and from 2½ to 3 per cent. of carbon or carbonaceous matter, such as rosin or soot.

BAYARD TAYLOR is about to abandon the character of a traveller. Having done the whole world, he has come to the conclusion that the best place to live in is Pennsylvania; consequently, he is about to erect an elegant residence on the Brandywine, in Chester county, near the scenes of his boyhood, where he proposes to retire and enjoy himself.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE Free Lovers at Berlin Heights, Ohio, publish a monthly paper called *The Good Time Coming*, the motto of which is, "For in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

A FULL bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have delivered an opinion, nullifying the opinion of Judge Shaw, to the effect that the selling of liquor is a common nuisance, and that any one had a right to destroy it.—The Court held that the only sort of nuisances which can be abated by private action, are those by which the individual abating them is personally and specially affected, and that a nuisance which is such, not to a particular individual, but to the public, can only be proceeded against by indictment.

COUNT DE TOCQUEVILLE, the celebrated French statesman and philosophical historian, so well known to the public as the author of the celebrated work on *Democracy in America*, is said *not* to be dead—though he is very ill.

BISHOP DOANE, of New Jersey, died last week at his residence in Burlington. He was sixty years of age, and had been Bishop of New Jersey, his native State, since 1832. In early life he was Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and there first attracted attention.

SOME curious experiments have been made at the veterinary school at Alfort (just outside of Paris), by order of the Minister of War, to ascertain the endurance of horses, as in a besieged town for example. It appears a horse will live on water alone five and twenty days; seventeen days without eating or drinking; only five days if fed but unwatered; ten days if fed and insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days drank one hundred and four pounds of water in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately after "feed," and kept in the active exercise of the "squadron school," completely digested its feed in three hours; in the same time in the "conscript's school" its food was two-thirds digested; and if kept perfectly quiet in the stable, its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours.

MR. TENNYSON'S new volume of poems is, the London Athenæum understands, nearly ready for the press. It is to be entitled "The King's Idylls," and relates, as has been before stated, to the legend of King Arthur.

A FEW days since, in Cincinnati, Ohio, a little girl, nine years old, daughter of Caleb Potter, was thrown into spasms, and came very near dying, from the effects of orange peel, which she had eaten during the previous two or three days, stopping digestion and the regular operations of nature, and poisoning her system. An emetic saved her.

A WRIT of error has been granted in the case of Mrs. Hartung, who was to have been hanged at Albany. The execution is therefore postponed.

THE telegraph in India has many special disturbing influences which the lines in the United States are not subjected to. The elephants there use the poles for scratching their sides, and the monkeys curl their tails upon the wires. The lines are torn down more than half the time.

THE first fruits of the new treaty with Japan may be found in the arrival at London of an American ship from Nagasaki, loaded with a cargo of white wax, the product of the Japanese wax tree. A sample of the wax is at the Washington Patent Office.

THE Millerites expected the world to come to an abrupt termination on Sunday week, and large numbers of them in New Jersey had their ascension robes ready for flight. They now think it will happen in forty days from that time.

SOLOMON STRONG, one of the wealthy men of Ohio, and a great landowner, is selling his immense possessions, because he believes no man has a right to own more land than is necessary for his use and that of his family. In his advertisement he says, "God has no doubt wisely ordained that *landsharks* should be cursed; and I can truly say that I am exceedingly anxious to sell all my lands and get clear of the curse." Solomon probably wants a good price for his land.

THE colored people of Chicago were to hold a convention on the 25th ult., to consider the invitation extended by President Geffrard to the colored people of the United States to emigrate to Hayti.

CANADIAN CENTS.—These coins, which have been lately thrown off at the British mint, possess a remarkable peculiarity. They are not only tokens of value, but also standards of weight and measure; 100 cents weigh exactly one pound; and one cent measures one inch.

AN insane prisoner had his reason completely restored, through fright, at the burning of a jail in Ohio, last week, in which he was confined.

REV. L. H. KALLOCH, of Boston, has accepted a call to the pastorage of the Second Baptist Church in Rockland, Me.

WE know a man in Western New York who could not write when he was married, but who was instructed by his wife so thoroughly, that within five years after his marriage he was elected high sheriff of his county, and within ten years served four years in Congress, and is now one of the most prominent financiers in the Empire State, president of a bank, and worth probably half a million of dollars.—*Litchfield Inquirer.*

FIGHTING ABOUT A NIGHTCAP.—A divorce case is now on the tapis in Cincinnati, Ohio, between two parties, both young, and married but three years, whose disagreement arises out of a night-cap which the wife insisted upon wearing in spite of her husband's wishes, petitions, tears, oaths, and commands.

THE Baltimore Exchange says that, accompanying the announcement of the conclusion of the Stickles case, comes a rumor from Washington, to the effect that a member of one of the Foreign Legations was shot at by a citizen yesterday, under circumstances bearing some resemblance to those which have thus been adjudged a sufficient justification for the killing of Key.

THE National Convention of Homœopathists will meet in Boston the last of May. The convention will commence its business sessions at Mercantile Hall on the 1st of June, and continue them two days. There will be an address by Dr. McManus, of Philadelphia.

A SHOCKING affair occurred in Washington county, Miss., a few days ago. Two brothers, named William and Robert Buford, were living together. William had a very pretty wife, with whom the younger brother, Robert, became madly infatuated. A criminal intercourse between the two had been carried on for some time, but, growing weary of the restraint imposed by the presence of the injured husband, the younger brother determined to add to his other crime that of fratricide. On Wednesday evening of last week the enraged husband and brother was murdered, and on the Sunday following Robert Buford, the double murderer, committed suicide by taking strychnine. The misguided wife of the murdered man, with two children, are left the sole memorial of this chapter of horrors.

THE city of Quito was almost destroyed by an earthquake on the 22d of March. Quito is the capital of the Republic of Ecuador, South America. It contained some fifty thousand inhabitants. Most of its churches, convents, and other public buildings were handsome erections of stone. Its private houses were of brick, one or two stories high, with fronts of some architectural elegance. The earthquake occurred at eight o'clock in the morning, and the shock lasted for five minutes. All the churches and monasteries and other public buildings were thrown down, or so badly injured, that it is doubtful if they can be repaired. The loss of life is estimated at from three to five thousand.

SENATOR SEWARD is making preparations for a voyage to Europe. He will be absent until late in the fall.

GEN. MORRIS'S declination of the consulship to Havre has elicited from The Bellows Falls Argus the following:

> "Well, what's this precious bit of news
> About which folks make such palaver?
> Why, Morris—who has wooed the Muse
> So long—says he's not going to Havre."

THE letter to Mr. Brady signed in Greek letters "Olympia Aiken," and containing a quotation from White Lies apropos of the Sickles case, is the production of Mrs. Aiken, an author and mistress of several languages, who resides at West Randolph, Vermont. Her husband, Col. Aiken, a respectable lawyer, sends a note to The Burlington Times in which he says: "I wish merely to say that no impropriety was intended, nor publicity even dreamed of, when the note was written."

PEACE OR WAR.—The London Times of April 11th, says:—"It would be vain to shut our eyes to the truth that the preservation of the peace of Europe appears to the closest observers to become from day to day more desperate, and that all probability favors the belief that the struggle is even now upon the eve of its commencement."

A SPIRITED RECEPTION.—At the close of the Paraguay negotiations, the municipal authorities of Conception gave a ball to President Urquiza and Commissioner Bowlin. Each American, upon retiring to his quarters, found a bottle of brandy at his bedside.

NEW COMET.—The observer at the University of Michigan discovered a new comet on the 23d ult., near star seventeen in the Lynx. Its R A is 6h. 56m. 30s., and its dec. 60h. 57m. north. The comet is moving west and south.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.—The Ohio Farmer, of April 23, speaks encouragingly of the fruit prospects in Ohio. It says:—"The recent frosts have not injured the fruit blossoms to any great extent, if at all, along the lake shore. We have examined the peaches, cherries and apples; all look well, and promise an abundant crop."

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company has a rule that denies its liability for the loss of baggage to an amount over $100. A passenger recently sued them in the court at Darlington, S. C., for $500, which he proved to be the value of his trunks and contents, and recovered that sum. The judge instructed the jury that a railroad company could not limit its own liabilities.

DEATH OF THE KENTUCKY GIANT.—James D. Porter, widely known as the "Kentucky Giant," died at his residence, in Portland, Ky., on Sunday night, the 24th ult., in the fiftieth year of his age. His extraordinary height, being about seven feet nine inches, ranked him as the tallest man in the world. He seemed to labor under the consciousness that he was an object of universal curiosity, and shunned rather than sought the public gaze.

THE OBERLIN SLAVE RESCUE CASE—APPLICATION FOR THE RELEASE OF THE RESCUERS REFUSED.—*Cleveland, April* 28.—The application to the Supreme Court of Ohio for the release from the custody of the United States Marshal, of Bushnel and the other rescuers of a fugitive slave, at Oberlin, was refused to-day. The court expressed no opinion regarding the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law.

THE Arch Duke Maximilian d'Este is loyal—he has given his whole fortune, 20,000,000 of zwanzigers, to the Austrian cause.

AN eccentric clergyman of Cincinnati recently stated from his pulpit that the operatic season at the opera house in that city had been productive of more good to the community than all the prayer meetings that had been held during the last twelve months.

CROPS IN THE WEST.—Accounts from the Western States generally represent the wheat crop as very promising for the next season. A failure of the crops this year would be disastrous to the entire West.

Mr. Yeager, the missing resident of Easton, Pennsylvania, has doubtless been drowned in the Ohio. A body has been found with memoranda, &c., which are supposed to be his—so says the Express. $400 were found on his person.

AMUSING.—It is said that the "spies" of the Spanish Government in this country, have reported to the home Government, that they have discovered in the order of the Sons of Malta nothing more nor less than a well conducted organization for the conquest of Cuba.

AT ten o'clock on Monday night, the steamboat St. Nicholas, from St. Louis for New Orleans, burst her boilers, in the Mississippi river, near Island No. 60, and the boat and cargo are a total loss. Forty-two persons were killed or missing. Fifteen others, shockingly wounded, have arrived at St. Louis.

MR. HAWTHORNE has just completed a work, the title of which no one knows, not even his best friends. It will not be published until he returns to America. Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne are in great affliction. Their daughter Una, an interesting girl of some 15 summers, lies at the point of death. Soon after they reached Rome she had a severe chill, while sketching one day in the baths of Caracalla. Gastric fever and inflammation of the lungs ensued, which have continued to prey upon her health, with occasional intervals of convalescence, all winter.

MR. SPURGEON'S coming to this country is now regarded as a fixed fact, and that he will probably arrive in New Yok prior to the 12th of May. The price of admission to hear him will be for the twofold object of raising funds to build his church, and limiting the audiences which will crowd to hear him to no more tickets than the room he is to occupy will comfortably contain.

A DESPERATE fight is now in progress at Hartford, between the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, who, on account of ill health, has resigned his pastorate, and his parishioners. They insist upon his doing nothing and receiving the usual salary, while he is determined not to submit to any such arrangement, hence the quarrel.—*Norwich (Mass.) Bulletin.*

TOBACCO.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says that double the quantity of tobacco will be raised in the Connecticut river valley this year that there was last. Its cultivation is also extending in other sections of the country, at the South and in the West. The great profits realized will rapidly increase production. The Winston (N. C.) Sentinel says the farmers of that region are turning their attention to the crop much more than heretofore.

JULIA BRANCH, who won notoriety by a free-love speech, last summer, was married, in Connecticut, recently, to a New York reporter, said to be some years her junior. The bride has buried two husbands.

HARD TO KILL.—A fireman on the Fitchburg and Worcester Railroad, while walking last Monday, between West Boylstown and Sterling, Mass., stopped to rest in a covered bridge on the road near Oakdale, and fell asleep. The morning train out from Worcester, approaching at a speed of 30 miles an hour, did not disturb his slumbers until it struck him on the hip. The steps on the forward card were wrenched off by the collision, and some damage was done to the bridge where the man's head struck it, but the man himself escaped with unbroken bones and without any serious injury.

THE Princess Alice, the Queen's second daughter, said to be a tall young lady resembling her mother, was to "come out" in London, after Easter.

THE lady who used such exertions to marry young Van Ness, during his incarceration in the Mohawk-street jail, notwithstanding the fact that her betrothed had just received a sentence of five years and upward in the State prison, followed him to Auburn, and, after repeated solicitations, was permitted to see and embrace her affianced "lovyer." She declares she will wait until the five years are out, and marry her darling in spite of Sheriffs and keepers.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market early in the week was exceedingly dull, the demand for shipment being limited, and the home trade purchasing very sparingly; but at the close a spirited demand sprung up and prices advanced 12½@25c ₱ bbl. The receipts have been small, and there has been no accumulation of stocks. Sales of 2500 bbls common and good superfine at $6@6,12½; 5500 bbls good Western extra at $6,12½@6,37½, chiefly $6,25; 500 bbls Diamond Mills extra at $6,75; 500 bbls do mixed brands on terms kept private, and some extra family at $6,75@7. The sales to the home trade have been limited within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour is dull and 6@c lower. Small sales at $4,12½ ₱ bbl. There is little or no demand for Corn Meal, and it is also lower; 500 bbls Penna brought $3,87½@3,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat comes in slowly, and for prime lots there is a fair demand for milling, while inferior are neglected. Sales of 11,000 bus at $1,52@1,60 for fair and prime Penna, Southern and Western red, and $1,58@1,65 for white. Rye is in steady demand; 3000 bus Penna sold at 88@89c, chiefly at the lowest quotation. Corn is in moderate demand, and prices are steady. Sales of 12,000 bus yellow at 88@89c, afloat and in store, including 1800 bus white at 84@87c, and damaged at 75@80c. Oats have advanced, and 500 bus sold at 53@55c for Southern and Penna. Feed is in better demand. A sale of ship's stuffs at $27@30 ₱ ton; some Middlings at $1,62½, and 250 bags Rice Meal at $1,25 ₱ 100 lbs. 8000 bus Southern Seed sold on private terms. Barley and Barley Malt are dull.

PROVISIONS are held with more firmness, but the transactions have been limited. Sales of Mess Pork at $18, cash; $18,50, on time; and small lots of Prime at $13@13,25. City packed Mess Beef sells, for ship's stores, at $15@15,50. A sale of Beef Hams at $18,50, 60 days. Bacon—The demand is limited, but prices are unchanged. The receipts and stocks are small. Sales of Hams at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 9½@10c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c ₱ lb, 60 days. Of Green Salted Meats there is very little coming in, and prices are firmer at the close, with an increased demand. Sales of 800 casks; Hams, in pickle, at 10c; Sides, in lots, at 8½@9½c, and 120 casks Shoulders at 6½c, 60 days. Lard—The demand has materially increased, and prices are firmer. Sales of 500 bbls and tes at 12c, and kegs at 12½@13c, 60 days. Mixed packages of country Lard sell at 11½@11½c. Butter—Roll is in good request, but solid packed is dull. Sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio, solid packed, at 9½@11c, and Roll at 20@25c ₱ lb. Eggs are selling at 12½@13c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been extremely dull since Friday last, and prices have declined fully ½c ₱ lb., as the advices from Europe have again been unfavorable. Sales of 700 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 11½c for low grade up to 13c ₱ lb, short time, for middling fair quality.

BARK—Supplies of Quercitron Bark come in very slowly, and the stock is light. Small sales of No 1 at $33 ₱ ton, at which figure it is in good demand. Tanner's Bark is unchanged. Sales of Chestnut Oak at $11½@12, and Spanish at $14@15 ₱ cord.

COAL—The trade continues in a very unsatisfactory condition. There are but few orders coming forward, either from the Eastward or the South, while the receipts are increasing. Small sales of Bituminous Coal at 14@14½c ₱ bus.

COFFEE is held firmly, but the demand is quite moderate. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 11½@11½c, 300 bags Laguayra at 11½c; 100 bags Jamaica at 11½@12, and 800 St. Domingo at 10½@10½c ₱ lb. An import of 1400 bags of the latter has arrived, since our last report.

FEATHERS are very dull, and sell only in a small way at 46@47c ₱ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—Domestic Fruit has been less active and Dried Apples have declined. Sales of 800 bus in lots at 5@5½c. Dried Peaches range from 8½ to 11c for unpared quarters and halves, and 12 to 18c for pared, according to quality. Green Apples are very scarce.

HEMP—There is no stock of either American or Foreign here in first hands, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals or sales since our last report.

HOPS—There has been some speculative movement in old crop, with sales of 300 bales at 5@7c ₱ lb. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 12@17c, as in quality.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal is exceedingly quiet. Sales of 6000 tons at $24 and $23 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for Nos 1 and 2. Scotch Pig Iron is not inquired after. A sale of Blooms at $65, 6 mos, and Billets at $90 ₱ ton, 6 mos. For Bars and Boiler Iron there is a steady inquiry, and the mills generally throughout the country are well supplied with orders.

LEAD—There is but little stock in first hands. An invoice of 1600 pigs Spanish was disposed of on terms kept secret.

LEATHER—The market is bare of the better descriptions, and they are wanted.

LUMBER—The demand continues quite good for all descriptions, and prices are firm. Sales of White Pine Shipping Boards at $15@17; Southern Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $15@16; Hemlock $7,50@11, and Lathe $1,75@2 ₱ M feet.

MOLASSES—The receipts have been liberal, but the demand is limited, and the market generally is dull. Sales 300 hhds Clayed Cuba at 25@26c, and Muscovado at 27@31c, on time. By auction, 210 bbls damaged New Orleans sold at 34½@35½c, cash.

SEEDS—There is some inquiry for good Clover-seed at $5,25 ₱ 64 lbs, but inferior descriptions are not wanted. Timothy sells in a small way at $2,25, and Flaxseed at $1,72@1,75 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—For Brandy and Gin there is a moderate inquiry at our last quotations. N E Rum commands 36@38c. Whiskey is steady. Sales of Penna bbls at 25½@26; Ohio do at 26½c; hhds at 25½c; and drudge at 24@24½c.

SUGAR—The market, since our last notice, under the unfavorable advices from neighboring markets and liberal receipts, has been very dull, and prices have declined fully ⅛c ₱ lb for raw, and ¼c for refined; sales of 600 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 6½@7¼c, and 138 hhds damaged New Orleans by auction at 4@5½c.

TALLOW is scarce, and City Rendered sells at 10½c ₱ lb. cash.

TOBACCO—There is a moderate demand for both Leaf and Manufactured at our former quotations. Sales of 30 hhds damaged Kentucky at 5@7¾c ₱ lb, cash; 26 bales Sagua at 13½c, and 56 do Cuba at 12@17c, 4 mos.

WOOL—In the Wool market there is quite a lull, there being little or no demand either from the local or Eastern manufacturers. The present apathetic condition of affairs will be likely to exist until the new clip comes forward, which, should the weather prove favorable, will be in a few weeks. Sales of 15,000 lbs at 37c for unwashed, up to 58c for fine.

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

Every body who has travelled through Switzerland has been "up the Rhigi." The Rhigi Culm is a mountain of Switzerland 5,905 feet above the sea, commanding magnificent views, and a common resort for all kinds of travellers: to accommodate whom an ingenious German engineer and architect, M. Frederic Albrecht, proposes to run what may be called a balloon-train from the railway terminus at the foot to the hotel door at the summit.

Last year 30,000 people visited the summit of Mount Rhigi, and more than half of these either rode up the toilsome way on horseback or ascended in sedan-chairs borne by men. Invalids and ladies often find the ascent too wearying for them. Besides the horses and bearers needed for the accommodation of travellers a large force is required to transport to the summit the provisions, etc., consumed in the hotels there. To economize much of this expense M. Albrecht proposes to construct up the side of the mountain a line of trestle-work. This trestle-work, of wood and iron, is to support two bars of iron, within whose grooves is to slide a bolt, to which is to be suspended a light but comfortable car, capable of accommodating from six to twelve persons. Above, the bolt is coupled to a balloon, of such dimensions as to be capable of raising the car and its contents. The result is plain: the upward tendency of the balloon is modified by the restraining power of the rails, and the consequence is that, instead of shooting directly into the air, the car is dragged up along the rails—and this at a rate neither too fast nor too slow for comfort.

M. Albrecht asserts that he has experimented so far as to convince him that such a conveyance is perfectly feasible, and entirely safe in any weather, except during a heavy storm. He explains that the guidance of the railway so far balances the balloon as to make the ascent easy even in a moderate gale. He expects to get his balloons down again by so loading the return cars as to weigh down the ascending power; and by a neat arrangement of brakes along the rails he makes accidents impossible.

It is stated that surveys of the mountain-side have already been made, and the balloon railway bids fair to become presently an established fact. Should it prove successful there, no doubt some shrewd Yankee will facilitate the ascent of Mount Washington, or some other of our celebrated heights, by such means.

During the last seventy-five years a number of ingenious mechanicians, European and American, have turned their attention to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Mr. Wise, of Pennsylvania, proposes to cross the Atlantic next year in a mammoth balloon. It is not unlikely that the balloon railway we have described may be an important step toward the final perfection of an air-ship.

A WOMAN ON THE SICKLES CASE.—The North Iowa Times contains a letter from a lady commenting upon an editorial in that paper in relation to the killing of Key, in which it was said that "Sickles could not have lived had he not have taken vengeance on the wily scoundrel who had robbed him of his position and disgraced his name." His correspondent had "supposed that a man's virtue was inherent, a part of his nature, and not simply a reflection of the virtue of his wife." But she infers from the editorial alluded to, that "when Mr. Sickles went to Congress, his position, his honor, depended upon the chaste behaviour of Mrs. Sickles, his wife, and she an Italian at that! The beautiful woman, captivated by the graces of a handsomer man than her husband, sins, is discovered, and exposed—and Mr. S., the only innocent person in the affair, shoots Mr. Key, not for betraying his wife, but for dishonoring *him!*" This she pronounces "egregious selfishness," and continues as follows:

"It is strange how differently our sexes are constituted. Women survive these disagreeable developments every day. If Mr. Sickles had hired this assignation house, and met Mrs. Swizzles, do you think Mrs. Sickles would have gone out to shoot the faithless crinoline who had stolen *her* husband? No, sir! Women do no such foolish things; and why? Because if we are virtuous we have confidence in our virtue, and we feel that no dereliction of the husband can or ought to affect the virtue of the wife. But suppose, on some fine Sabbath morning, all the women in Washington who suspect their truant lords, should sally out, 'swords and pistols by their sides,' to chastise the dear creatures who had stolen their affections, would not this mark an interesting epoch in history?"

The following shows what a woman thinks of a man's courage:

"And yet, this man, who could not meet the hollow shells of humanity that formed his society at Washington until he had vindicated his *honor*, must now meet the multitudes at his trial—hear the coarse jeerings of unprincipled libertines—confront this wife who he magnanimously promised 'not to injure'—hear again and again, with exaggeration and minutiæ, the whole history of his misery revived—meet the wondering looks of his little one turning from father to mother for an explanation of this mystery, and in after years be tortured by her recurrence to the first chapter of her life's reality! *If* he can do all this and dare to meet his Maker at last with the brand of a murderer on his soul, and yet could not meet the tallow-faced, mustached puppies of his club-room, tell me, in God's name, in what consists the superior courage of manhood?"

AN INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The Trustees of the New York Inebriate Asylum have issued an appeal to the churches of the United States, and the American public, for assistance. Some of the statements are startling, as, for example, the following:

Who can doubt the importance of such an Asylum, when, even before its first story is completed, applications have been made for admittance, many of which are from patients themselves! Among the applicants are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women, who are from the high walks of life. Of the vocation of the remaining applicants we have no knowledge.

Within the past two years New York has lost by death two of her Supreme Court Judges, and one of her County Judges, all of whom died by inebriety, and all of whom were applicants for admission to this Asylum.

Among the merchants who have applied for admission, I know of no one more melancholy in character than the following:

This gentleman retired from business about seven years since, with a fortune of seven hundred thousand dollars. Having been accustomed to a great amount of mental excitement, incident to a large business, he became much depressed in the retirement of a private life and resorted to alcoholic stimulants to restore the wonted physical and mental condition of the system. Thereby was produced *this disease*, which consigned this once useful man to a premature grave.

Within three years there have been two applicants for admission to this Asylum, who afterwards committed suicide, while laboring under the delirium tremens. One of these was an officer in the United States navy, who distinguished himself in the war with Mexico.

These facts are designed to show the necessity of an Asylum adapted to the control, treatment and cure of a diseased appetite. Then follow statements of another character to prove the feasibility of the undertaking, from a narrative of individual cures of inebriety effected in some Asylums—concluding with the assertion that more than one hundred cases of this description might be mentioned.

☞ THE ATOMIC THEORY.—Little minds appreciate little minds the best.—*Punch.*

BURNING ALIVE.—A singular occurrence, says the Albany Knickerbocker of the 27th ult., was discovered in a vault attached to one of our burial grounds on Sunday last. It was that of a female, who was deposited therein for dead some two months since, being found, on opening the coffin, to be lying on her side, with one hand under the head. From this it was evident that the woman was alive when placed there, and awaking from the trance into which she had fallen, endeavored to extricate herself from her entombment. This, of course, was an impossibility; the cover was not only screwed down tightly, but the space was too contracted to allow of even an effort. It was evident, however, that the unfortunate woman became convinced of this fact, and concluded to die.—She therefore took the easy posture in which she was found, and breathed her last. The thought that they had buried her while yet alive set her friends almost crazed. The body was that of a woman who formerly resided in the Bowery. The father and mother of the deceased had just arrived from the old country last week, and were brought to the vault to see their child. The scene is related as heart-rending. This is another instance of too hasty burial. We have often heard of similar cases in other parts of the country, but none in this neighborhood.

THE SALT TO THE TASTE.—The Chinique Europenne contains an account of certain experiments made by MM. Klastsh and Stich, to ascertain the real seat of the sense of taste, which is generally and erroneously supposed to exist on the whole surface of the tongue. It appears, on the contrary, from these experiments, that the only portion of that organ which is sensible to taste is a narrow space all round. The breadth of this sensible zone varies in different subjects—in some it is not more than two lines, in others double that breadth, and it rarely extends to the interior surface. In the experiments alluded to, a substance having a strong taste was first placed on the centre of the tongue, where it produced no effect; it was then gradually spread out until the perception of taste was announced, this occurring generally on the border, but in some individuals beginning at the distance of a line from it. The *velum pendulum* of the palate is also sensible to taste, but the pharynx and tonsils are deprived of the gustative faculty. This is proved by the fact that if they be touched with stick caustic the patient experiences no taste, provided he keep his tongue and the *velum pendulum* away from the spot.

MORE DIFFICULTIES IN UTAH.—A fresh difficulty has occurred in Utah, it being now a disagreement between the U. S. Judges and the military on the one side, and Gov. Cumming and the Mormons on the other. Judge Cradlebaugh complains that the Mormon grand juries ignore all bills against members of their own sect, and called upon the military to aid him in protecting "gentile" witnesses from the violence of the Mormons. Gov. Cumming denounces the employment of the military in this manner. Both parties, at last advices, were greatly inflamed against one another. As both the Judge and the Governor are agents of the government at Washington, it is evident that it will have to decide between them.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. SICKLES.—We may state, merely as a matter of form, as probably the whole country knows it by this time, that the jury in the Sickles case, after being out one hour and ten minutes, returned into Court with a verdict of "Not Guilty." Upon the rendering of the verdict, a scene of great excitement ensued—the people cheering, and the prisoner's friends congratulating him. His counsel were serenaded in the evening. All decent people will be glad the trial is over.

LORD MACAULAY has written the following letter to the author of the new "Dictionary of Authors:—

HOLLY LODGE, KENSINGTON, April 9, 1859.

Sir: Since I wrote to you last (January 29, 1859,) I have had frequent occasion to consult your Dictionary, and I have scarcely ever failed to find what I sought. I have no hesitation in saying that it is far superior to any other work of the kind in our language. I wish you success proportioned to the labor and cost of your undertaking. I have the honor to be sir,

Your faithful servant,

(Signed) MACAULAY.

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, Esq., &c., &c.

MR. RICHARD COBDEN arrived in Washington on Thursday evening week. He is Mr. Buchanan's guest.

MR. PAGE has painted a Venus which is considered one of the finest pieces of flesh painting since the days of Titian. Mr. Browning speaks of it as one of the finest pictures in the world. Its price is $7,000. It was sent to Paris for the coming Exhibition, but rejected for "indecency." Another Venus by the same artist was rejected by the Directors of the Boston Athenæum for a similar reason, but has since been accepted, there being a possibility that it might be removed to the Society Library in this city. It represents the figure of a woman perfectly nude.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Courier writing from Florence under date of April 2, says: "The Hon. Charles Sumner is here, absorbed in art, but looking worse than I had expected. He is obliged to lie in bed until noon, to rest his spine, which still troubles him greatly."

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

☞ A few words to parents who have children that are troubled with gripes or bowel complaints. If the child is under one year old, give from ten to fifteen drops of PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, in milk and water sweetened with sugar every hour; see that it is warm when you give it, and bathe the stomach and bowels with this medicine mixed with warm milk, one teaspoonful to half a gill of milk and water warmed. If the child is over one and less than two years old, bathe with equal parts medicine and milk and water, but if the child is over two, bathe with the medicine clear, and give it every time you bathe as above. You can increase the number of drops according to age. If the child has taken cold and you wish to give it a sweat put the Pain Killer in catnip, pennyroyal, or peppermint tea, bathe its feet in the medicine and wrap it up warm. If the throat is sore, bathe after it has taken it. The stain on the linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol.

THE DYSPEPTIC.

The trials and sufferings of the Dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted by this disease, and yet how many of them suffer and continue to suffer! Why they do this so patiently it is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any *certain remedy*, or it may be from prejudice against the use of a Patent Medicine. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst cases of Dyspepsia, and each day adds new names to the record of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines, at 75 cents per bottle.

THAT DISTRESSING MALADY, the Dyspepsia, is not a periodical, but a permanent complaint,—producing suffering at all times and under all circumstances. The only real cure for this disease and its concomitant evils is the world renowned Oxygenated Bitters.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 30.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour has again advanced 5@10c; sales of 10,500 bbls at $5,25@5,70 for State, $5,55@6,65 for Ohio, and $5,20@5,55 for Southern. Wheat is buoyant; sales of 40,000 bus at an advance of 1@2c; red sells at 160c, and white 180c, and red Western at 146@147c. Corn advanced; sales of 20,000 bus at 84@85c for mixed, 83@86c for white, and 85@87c for yellow. Pork quiet at $16,25 for Mess, and $12,75 for Prime. Lard dull at 11¼@11¾c. Whiskey steady.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
US 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " 1857	103	—
" " 1858	103	—
" " 6 pr ct coupon '74@'81	103½	104
Phila 6 pr ct, old	100½	100¾
" " new	103	103½
" " 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Al'g'y City 6 pr ct	75	—
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	55	51½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	—	93½
" 5 "	94½	94½
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
" 5 " coupon	—	80¾
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	—	89½
Ohio 6 " 1886	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	98½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	—
Philadelphia	121	122½
Far & Mec	60½	63
Commercial	52	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	28½	—
Southwark	69	—
P Township	20½	—
Kensington	66½	—
Girard	51	—
Western	—	70
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	69½	—
City	48	70
Consolidation	26½	27
Commonwealth	22½	22½
Corn Exchange	—	35
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pitts'g	50	—
Exchange "	58½	—
Kentucky Ky.	120	—
Northern "	127	—
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	126	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	109	109
Planters "	110	114½
N O Gas Light	143	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	20	—
Lehigh Zinc	1½	1¾
New Creek	¼	—
New Granada	¼	—
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Libertise Gas	—	31
Southwark & Frankford RR	—	65
Bonds	91	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	—	103½
" 2nd "	—	91
" stock		
" Interest off	41½	—
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	97
" stock	121½	122¾
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '78	85	85½
" mort 6's '44	—	—
" " '88	75	75½
" stock	35½	35½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	82½
" stock	43	43½
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	37	38
6 pr ct loan '85	97	—
Ches Val R R 7s	65	66
Tioga R R 7s	—	95
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	—	75½
" 2d "	—	52½
" stock	93	94
Catawissa	—	42
Beaver Meadow stock	38½	39
" preferred 10 pr ct	52	—
North Penna R R stock	9½	—
6 pr ct loan	63½	66
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	52	55
6 pr ct loan	99	—
Minehill R R	63	63½
Har and Lan R R stock	57½	57½
" bonds '69	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	30	30½
Long Island R R stock	12	12½
" bonds	81½	—
Erie R R stock	9	—
Hudson River R R	31	—
N Y Centra. "	72½	—
Michigan Central "	87½	88
Illinois "	67½	—
Michigan Southern "	42½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	75½	76
" imp. 6 pr ct	84	85
" stock	8	—
" preferred	18½	19
Lehigh Nav stock	52½	53
" mort 6 pr ct	99	100
" scrip	28	29
Morris Conso'd	54	55
" preferred	107½	109
Ches & Del "	41	—
" bonds	—	—
Union "	7	—
" bonds	35	39
Sus & Tidewater	4	5
" bonds 1878	37	—

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—39 head I Abrahams, Lancaster co, 10@11½; 28 Gooldin & Sherry, Berks co, 10@12; 6 Harshung, Mifflin co, 11; 10 T Coates, Chester co, 10@11; 52 Crouse & Voters, Ohio, 9@10½; 12 D Bixler, Bucks co, 10@10½; 9 J Stewart, Juniata co, 9@10; 26 James Reed, Mifflin co, 8½@10½; 21 Cushman, Franklin co, 8½@10½; 52 J Sanderson, Union co, 10½@11½. Sheep—About 6000 arrived during the week, and sold at from 6@8c ℔ lb, gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—19 head B Seldomridge & Co, Lancaster co, 10½@12½; 8 Heyburn, Chester co, 10½@11; 7 J Bastable, Md, 11; 12 B Hood, Chester co, 9@10; 59 J Seymour, by P McFillin, do, 11@12; 24 J Bennreman, by Hathaway, do, 11½@11¾; 17 H Shafer, Berks co, 9½@10½; 4 W Alexander, Chester co, 11½.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, April 28th, 1859, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. THEODORE F. STREET, to Miss CADDIE LOUISA, daughter of C. F. Lipp, Esq. both of this city.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. T. Murphy, JOHN A. MCCOY, of Bridgewater, Bucks county, to MARY JANE, daughter of Col. R. W. Solly, of this city.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ALEXANDER W. WHITE, to Miss PRUE A. ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. JOSEPH MEDARA, of Gloucester county, N. J. to Miss ELIZABETH D. daughter of N. N. Ledyard, of this city.

On the 11th of Feb. by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS MCADAM, to Miss MARY A. C. Murphy, of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. CHARLES NATHAN, of Wilmington, Del. to SARAH, daughter of H. Weyl, of this city.

On the 7th of Dec. by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Mr. JOHN O. SHULTZ, to Miss MAGGIE M. BUCKLEY, of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, GEORGE A. WOLFERSBERGER, Jr. to Miss HANNAH E. MYERS, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN HOFFORD, to Miss ORPHA B. RILE, both of Bucks county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Susquehanna Depot, Pa., April 17th, 1859, ELIZABETH BICKNELL, daughter of John B. Green, formerly of Philadelphia, aged 3 years and 7 days. Cincinnati papers please copy.

At her residence, at Moreau Station, N. Y., Friday, April 15th, Miss LAURA A. BOIES, aged 24 years.

On the 26th ultimo, ALMYRA F. wife of Albert Wilby, aged 28 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Miss KEZIAH KENNEDY, aged 65 years.

On the 25th ultimo, SUSANNAH MEIN, aged 81.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. FIDELIA H. S. REES, aged 48 years.

On the 24th ultimo, MARTHA CRAIGE, aged 83.

On the 24th ultimo, WILLIAM W. JEFFERSON, aged 50 years.

On the 25th ultimo, THOMAS SMITH, aged 18 years.

On the 25th ultimo, MARY, wife of Thos. Kerrigan, aged 23 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE MOUILLE, aged 40 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. HANNAH E. TOWNSEND.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE UHLER, M. D. aged 68 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Miss SUSANNA M. SUMMERFIELD, aged 20 years.

On the 21st ultimo, MARGARET R. wife of John K. Gamble.

On the 21st ultimo, MAGGIE A. daughter of W. and Margaret McFadden, aged 19 years.

INFORMATION IS WANTED concerning any relatives of GARRETT VANZANT (son of Christopher and Elizabeth Vanzant), who emigrated from near Holmesburg, Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, to the west, about the year 1829. If there be any such relatives living, it will be to their interest to address Mrs. MARY VANZANT, at Chester, Randolph County, Illinois, as said GARRET VANZANT is deceased. my7-2t

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Philadelphia, April 30, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ¾ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ¾ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ¾ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ¾ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
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THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROMISE.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph tells the following anecdote of his old schoolmaster, "old Haskins:—

"Boys," said he, smilingly, one day.

What's up, thought we, and were all attention. It was like a sun-peep through a heavy storm-cloud, when "old Haskins" smiled, and the phenomenon was unaccountable.

"Boys," said he, "I am about to bargain with you for good behaviour;" (a change of tactics, verily;) "I desire that you will conduct yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity;—what no man ever saw; and, having shown it you, what no man will ever see again."

"Yes, sir!"—"Agreed!"—"I'yi, sir!" and various other expressions of acquiescence came from every quarter of the room; and, as a preface to the new state of things, the school was dismissed at an early hour, leaving the boys to gaze into each other's eyes in astonishment, as if to divine in each other's intuition the answer to the riddle which had stolen upon them as a pleasant dream.

An anxious week followed—a week of curiosity, bewilderment, hope and pleasure in embryo. Out of school it was all the talk—"what no man ever saw, and what no man shall ever see again!"—not even the terrible author of the compromise. What could it be?

Another and another day, until at last the identical named one dawned upon the gladdened young hearts.

Nine o'clock came—every urchin was at his post—books and slates, all in readiness for the day's battle with the demon of darkness and ignorance—every task fully committed to memory. Altogether, a charming state of affairs! An active mind, not wedded too closely to orthodox ideas, would have divined at once the great advantage of rewards and kindness, over oppression and cruelty. But our old tutor was invincible. Unmake him? Never. You could not alter his plans an iota.

"Tingle! tingle!" sounded the little bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouths agape! momentous epoch!

Old Haskins raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his ominous looking spectacles astraddle his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor.

A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop.

"The hour has at length arrived; behold in my upraised fingers a single almond,"—(terrible suspense!) "In this almond is a kernel"—(ceremoniously breaks the shell and exposes the tiny thing.) "This, no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposing an internal array of decaying ivory and raw flesh, that reminded us of the mouth of a Bengal tiger—he thrust in the mysterious kernel—crushed and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "boys, you will never—I will never—no man will ever see that kernal again! To your lessons, you rascals, every dog of you!"

A SHOWMAN SOLD.

Showmen, as a general rule, are tolerably sharp, and it is no easy matter to overreach them, but when they are fooled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. I was a witness to one of the best sells of the kind that I ever heard of. Last summer there was an exhibition in a tent, on one of our public lots—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasting of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling, to a considerable crowd. While in the midst of a speech, overflowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him—

"I'll bet you a 'five' that you cannot let me see that lion."

"Done," said the showman, eagerly, "put up your money."

The man placed a five dollar bill in the hand of a by-stander, and the showman, counting out the change did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll convince you."

The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following.

"There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look in that corner at that beautiful Numidian lion."

"Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one.

"Why, there!" was the astonished reply.

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smell a very large mice.

"*I'm blind,*" was the grinning reply.

The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes and went his way.—*N. Y. Picayune.*

He Did Not Run.—David I. Holt went with Col. Fannin's Georgia Battalion to Texas in 1835, and was one of the prisoners who escaped the massacre of the Alamo in the spring of 1836, during the Texas Revolution. In telling some of his old friends in Georgia, afterwards, about his escape, one of them asked him if he *run* (so the story goes). Holt was a brave man, and did not like to acknowledge that he ran, even though he was retreating from an impending death, without the shadow of a chance to defend himself; and he replied:—

"Well, boys, I did not exactly run; *but I did some blamed tall walking!*"

"*Tall walking*" was the substitute for the word "*run*," about Macon and Milledgeville, for many years afterwards.—*Montgomery Mail.*

☞ How to Live.—He who cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.—*Martial.*

THE PEDDLER'S BARGAIN.

One day a tin peddler, with an assortment of knick-knacks, arrived at a village, and called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After disposing of a few articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, marm, ain't you got any rags?"

"None to sell, sir."

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give, sir?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware?"

"Oh, yes, marm, the best."

"Well, sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the peddler, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet confident that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tins until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man, feeling certain that the woman would rather raise the money than part with the child, seated himself beside the boy, who was pleased with the idea of having a ride. The peddler kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off at a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with tin, when the peddler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"No, sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall stick to it. You may start off as soon as you please."

Surprised at this, the peddler exclaimed,

"Why, marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so young, to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell all our town paupers for ten dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the tin rattled, the peddler measured the ground rapidly, and he never forgot his pauper speculation.

A RUSSIAN WOLF HUNT.

The following story is told in one of Alexander Dumas' late letters from St. Petersburg:—

Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians. Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious. Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which is any sort of a carriage, drawn by three horses—its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots always; the left hand and right hand horses must always gallop. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, and he is called the Snow-Eater. The two others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop with their heads free—they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals, and his squeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase; then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves—all posting as hard as they can go after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the wolves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troika is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses have an instinctive horror of wolves, and go almost crazy; they run as fast as they can go.

The huntsmen fire as fast as they can load—there is no necessity to take any aim. The pig squeals—the horses neigh—the wolves howl—the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger bones of the horses, huntsmen and driver.

Last winter, Prince Repnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a wolf hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease, three vigorous horses were put into it, and they selected for a driver a man born in the country and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of double-barrelled guns and a hundred and fifty ball cartridges. It was night when they reached the steppe, that is, an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow gave a light scarcely inferior to daylight.

The pig was put out of the sleigh, and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged, he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared, but they were timid, and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as their numbers augmented they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls, on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley; but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serried columns, which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly, not a sound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and increase; they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the guns of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. Their number increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a desert of snow. The party had taken the pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased the wolves' boldness. The party continued to fire, but they had now used above half their ammunition, and had but two hundred cartridges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan?" said Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I had rather be at home, Prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences?" "The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster." "Are you sure of the horses?" "Yes, Prince." "Are you sure of our safety?" The driver made no reply. He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent. The wolves opened their ranks and let the horses pass.

The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake! don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men, if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a verst from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of two hundred wolves.

DOUBTFUL, VERY!

Stout Gent.—"Dear! dear! So he has formed an attachment that you don't approve of! Ah! well, there's always something. Depend upon it, ma'am, there's a *skeleton somewhere in every house!*"

[Very doubtful, we think, if all the family take after the mother.]

Agricultural.

The Corn Grub.—The corn crop has several formidable enemies to contend with, and among them is the grub, which sometimes literally destroys whole fields, and frequently damages the crop seriously. One of the best and most judicious remedies—perhaps the very best ever suggested—is the application of *salt* as soon as the plant makes its appearance above ground, prepared and used in this way: Take one part common salt and three parts plaster or gypsum, and apply about a tablespoonful *around* each hill, and it will be found to be a sure protection. The mixture should not come in contact with the young plants, as it may destroy them. This method has been tried over and over again by some of the best farmers of Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, and when properly applied, has never failed to be perfectly successful. We hope our farmers, who have reason to fear the depredations of the grub, this season, will try this mixture, leaving a few alternate rows of corn without the salt, and communicate to us the result.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Ashes for Potatoes.—Rufus Brown, of Chelsea, Orange County, Vermont, says that in an experiment tried by him, the gain in a crop of potatoes by the use of ashes at the rate of a teacupful to the hill, was about a bushel and a half of potatoes for each bushel of ashes used. The kind of potatoes was the English pink-eye, and yield 200 bushels per acre. The ground was planted May 7, with the ashes in holes, and a little dirt over them. It was ploughed and hoed June 18, the rows being 4 feet apart and hills three feet. The ashes cost 12½ cts. a bushel, and potatoes sold at 35 cents, returning full 50 cents a bushel for the ashes employed.

TARRING CORN FOR SEED.

The results of experiments, both successful and otherwise, are attended with profit, when spread before the public. The man who is successful, publishes it abroad, but failures seldom come to light. The ——— county society does not publish the fact of a heavy debt occasioned by their race course, no more than they do the granting of premiums to unworthy applicants. When we read in their transactions the award of a premium for *one hundred and twenty-one bushels of corn to the acre*, eighty bushels is no doubt nearer the truth.

It pains me to see such havoc made by insects and birds on the corn crop. I have seen many a field of corn where the cut worm has destroyed from 25 to 50 per cent., which might have been prevented by an outlay of 25 cents. The only sure remedy against the cut worm is to secure the services of the crow in the fields.

Forty-three years actual experience has demonstrated to me the entire safety of such birds being permitted to range the fields at will.

Tar applied to seed corn before it is planted, certainly will prevent the crows destroying it. For more than forty years I have not been able to detect a single failure, wherever it was done correctly. Not one person in ten would probably be successful in their first endeavor in tarring corn; to be known, the operation must be seen. One man dare not use boiling water, so he fails; another destroys the vitality of the kernel by too great a degree of heat long continued. I have known parts of fields destroyed by poisonous manures, when this single fact was overlooked, and tar, or the birds, was erroneously supposed to be the cause.

Could some president of an agricultural society, or some pattern farmer, be induced to try the experiment of tarring seed corn, I doubt not that in less than ten years, scarecrows would be among the missing. Some farming editors recommend the planting of 8 or 10 kernels to the hill, as a safeguard against worms and insects. The expense to thin out is great, and a field thus dealt with never stands equally in all the hills. By tarring your corn, you need plant no more kernels than you wish to grow. When we destroy the crow, we lose one of our best friends; when will the farming community pause and consider on this matter? Let us have your opinions, based, as far as may be, on facts; especially let us have failures, so as to bring together both sides of the question.

R. Mansfield.

Remarks.—Friend Mansfield has not given us the mode of tarring, which might be adopted if persons understood the precise mode of preparation. Our neighbors practise in this way: they fill a pail half full of boiling water, add about half a pint of common tar—coal tar is just as good—stir it until the tar is melted and thoroughly mingled with the water, then add the corn, stirring it well for about ten minutes, or until it is completely covered with the tar. Take the corn out and roll it in plaster or fine ashes, and the process is complete.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Pickling Home-Grown Timber.—If your correspondent, who wishes to know the best and cheapest method of pickling home-grown timber (to preserve it from the ravages of what is termed the fly), will cut his timber up to the proper scantling, and then soak it in a pool of water (which he must make for the purpose, if he has not got one handy), to which is added a quantity of fresh quicklime, he will find it to be the most effectual method he can adopt. I say this from many years' experience. Even Scotch fir, thus prepared, will make a lasting roof, as the fly or dry rot will never touch timber thus prepared, the texture becoming almost mineralised, and most difficult afterwards to be worked on with any edge tool, therefore should be cut to sizes before being pickled. I believe that fir timber contains a certain portion of albumen and saccharine matter, on which the grub of the beetle, so destructive to timber, feeds, and which is destroyed by the chemical action of the lime. It should remain in the water and lime for thirty-six hours, the water being frequently stirred up, as the lime otherwise sinks to the bottom.—*London Field.*

How to Hull Corn.—Place a strong bag, with three pints of wood ashes in it, in a boiler with three quarts of corn in water. Boil until the hulls will slip off by rubbing them with the hand. When rinsed, boil the corn again in fair water till it is sufficiently soft.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Storm Under Fruit Trees.—While on a visit at Cape Cod, a year or two since, my attention was called to an orchard of apple trees. The owner was a retired sea captain, who, in early life, planted the trees, that he might eat of the fruit when on the "*retired list.*" At the time of planting out the trees, he secured the services of an old Scotch gardener. The trees were heeled in, the location for planting staked out and then came the instructions of the owner, as he was obliged to absent himself for awhile.

"If it takes you two days to plant each tree, I wish it *well done.*" The gardener went to work, digging large holes, sufficient to dump in loads of stones from a tip-cart, and on the return of the proprietor he had only set out four trees. Though he had done his work well, as the sequel will show, the captain thought he had played "*soldier,*" and discharged him. The balance were set out as trees sometimes are (where the blame is laid to the nurserymen), and now, after forty years, those four trees give more fruit than all the remainder.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Peas With Potatoes.—When planting your potatoes, drop from six to eight peas in each hill, or if in a row, every three or four inches a single pea. In this way a crop may be raised at very small expense. As the peas start early in the season, they will be sufficiently advanced to be out of the way by the time the potatoes are large enough to hoe. Peas raised in this way will generally be less liable to suffer from the attack of the "bug" or fly; the crop will also be much purer or free from extraneous matters, which are an injury to the peas, whether designed for market or for domestic use. The large marrowfat pea is perhaps the very best variety that can be selected for this mode of cultivation. It yields well, is highly edible, and commands a remunerative price in the market. When broadcasted it is thought not to be so productive as many of the smaller varieties. Where the soil is affluent, it exhibits an incorrigible tendency to produce an exorbitant quantity of haulm, with few pods and few perfectly developed peas. Planted with potatoes, these habits are reversed.—John Hamill, *in Germantown Telegraph.*

Grub in Sheep.—I send you this recipe, which will be found to effect a perfect cure for grubs in the head of sheep:—

Take one quart of whiskey and two ounces of yellow snuff, mix and warm to blood heat. Let one man hold the sheep and another take a small syringe and discharge about a teaspoonful of the mixture into each nostril. It is a certain cure. My father met with quite a loss in his flock, he tried this remedy, found it satisfactory, and never lost another sheep.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

A Poultice for Felons, &c.—Take Castile soap, and scrape a large or small quantity, according to the amount wanted, and simmer in new milk till it forms a paste as thick as cream, cool and apply. You will find this one of the best poultices for felons, or any kind of swelling that needs poulticing, and far superior to bread and milk. Try it, ye afflicted.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Remove Grease Spots from Crimson Damask without Changing the Color.—Upon a deal table lay a piece of woollen cloth or baize, upon which lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downwards. Having spread a piece of brown paper on the top, apply a flat-iron just hot enough to scorch the paper.—About six or eight seconds is usually sufficient for the purpose; after which, rub the stained part with a piece of cap paper very briskly, and the marks will be found to have gone away.—*London Field.*

Umbrellas.—If your umbrella is wet, do not unfurl it for the purpose of drying it more rapidly. If you do, the whalebone acquires a peculiar set, which it is almost impossible to obviate; they become permanently bent, in consequence of the shrinking of the cloth while drying, and give the umbrella when furled a bulging and unseemly appearance.

Whitewash for Outbuildings.—For unplaned surfaces, common lime whitewash, applied early in the summer when the wood is dry and the pores open, answers a good purpose, and materially operates in preventing decay.—But whitewash may be rendered more permanent, needing less frequent applications, if sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and common salt are added. The following particular directions for making the wash, and for coloring it to any desirable shade, are given in Downing's "Country House:"

Take a clean barrel that will hold water. Put into it half a barrel of quicklime, and slack it by pouring over it boiling water sufficient to cover it four or five inches deep, and stirring it until slacked. When quite slacked, dissolve it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt, which may be had at any of the druggists', and which in a few days will cause the whitewash to harden on the wood work. Add sufficient water to bring it to the consistency of thick whitewash.

To make the above wash of a pleasant cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre.

For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, one pound of Indian red, and one pound of lampblack.

For gray or stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack.

The color may be put on with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much more durable than common whitewash.

☞ Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking attentively at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, asked the philosopher what he was looking for. "I am, searching," said Diogenes, "for the bones of your father—but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."

☞ A fellow was arrested for stealing ducks, and after a description of them, the counsel of the prisoner said, "Why, they can't be such a rare breed, for I've some like them in my own yard." "Very likely," said the complainant, "I've lost a good many ducks lately."

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 15, 7, 9, 4, 8, 26, 28, 20, 45, 13, 12, 1, was distinguished for a battle fought there in the fifth century.

My 31, 10, 41, 30, 32, 23, 44, were enemies to the Saxons.

My 29, 36, 57, 55, 6, 22, 9, 39, 24, 27, 56, was a noted English battle field.

My 21, 30, 35, 39, 42, 17, was a noted castle of England.

My 11, 46, 41, 5, 39, was a public place in Rome.

My 58, 17, 3, 45, 48, 5, 44, 16, 23, 15, 52, 37, was an event of the reign of Charles II., King of England, which implicated several noblemen.

My 26, 19, 9, 53, 46, 38, 31, 43, 33, 28, 25, 7, 40, 15, 34, 55, was the scene of the execution of an English conspirator and nobleman.

My 22, 2, 49, 48, 41, 14, was the scene of the execution of two celebrated English bishops, and also the seat of a University.

My 52, 54, 44, 36, 4, 32, 29, 57, 26, 36, 47, 36, 36, 39, 32, was a noted Mexican battle-field.

My 50, 38, 56, 4, 45, 4, 12, 36, 49, 6, was a superstition of the seventeenth century.

My 55, 32, 35, 36, 39, 32, 9, 4, 32, was a noted Spanish battle-field.

My whole was an event of the reign of Mary, Queen of England. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 27, 9, 8, 12, 27, is a river in England.

My 1, 11, 14, 16, 7, 22, is a capital in Europe.

My 4, 21, 18, 16, 25, 27, 3, 19, is a river in Nebraska.

My 13, 6, 10, 8, 24, 29, 23, 1, 11, a volcanic mountain in Australasia.

My 28, 13, 15, 30, 17, is a county in Georgia.

My 7, 17, 2, 3, 5, is a town in German Austria.

My 23, 13, 20, 24, 21, is a capital in Arabia.

My 25, 23, 8, 26, 3, 24, 5, a group of islands in Polynesia.

My 1, 18, 18, 13, 3, 21, 26, 27, 28, a county in Minnesota.

My whole was a celebrated General in the war of 1812. J. H. BRENDY.

Salem, Wis.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Say, can you tell my name,
And where I may be found?
Tell, oh tell what my nature is,
Useful I do abound.
Received by all from week to week,
Down to the Gulf of Mexico;
Across the western prairies, too,
Year by year I still do go.

Ever lively, pleasant and fair,
Very welcome to every home:
Ever received by old and young,
Nothing immoral with me does come.
In the city or country green,
No place is there where I'm not seen;
Good, not bad, from me you glean.

Please to tell, if you know my name,
Or else I'll cause you some surprise;
Surely you know the answer now,
'Tis written here before your eyes.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When travellers far away from home,
Are hungered and athirst,
And travel-weary,—to recruit,
They halt, and do my first.

My second is in common use,
Its music loudly sounds,
In town and city everywhere,
Throughout all Christian grounds.

My whole did live not long ago,
A man of great renown,
A poet, as is known by all,
In country and in town.

Tiffin, Ohio. U. F. CRAMER.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a regular tapering vessel, in the shape of a tub, whose diameter at the upper open end is 4 inches more than its diameter at the bottom; and the diagonal from the inner lower corner, where the bottom is joined with the side, to the inside edge of the open end above, is measured 30 inches. The altitudinal height of the vessel is 8 inches less than the diameter at the top. Now, supposing this tub standing level, the bottom thereof is covered with water to the depth of 6½ inches, and a heavy round ball (that will sink in water), of 22 inches in diameter, is laid down in the tub and water; who can tell from this the size of the vessel, and to what height the water will be raised therein by reason of said ball?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Crotzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why would a sparrow feel offended if you called him a pheasant? Ans.—Because he'd think you were making *game* of him.

☞ "Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. Ans.—"Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large *comb* in her head."

☞ A Cockney's Con.—Why is a contented man of great wealth like a ghost? Ans.—Because he's a *happy rich 'un* (apparition)!!!

☞ What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double? Ans.—The letter O.

☞ Why must the letter B be always in confusion? Ans.—Because it is always in the midst of a labyrinth.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ A lid for the trunk of a tree.

☞ A ring for the finger of scorn.

☞ A glove for the hand of time.

☞ A link from a chain of evidence.

☞ A small branch from the tree of life.

☞ A drop of rain from a cloud of witnesses.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—The total eclipse of the sun, which took place in the midst of a battle. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Archimedes. DOUBLE REBUS—Newton—(Nelson, Edisto, Washsett, Tallow, Osage, Niemen.) CHARADE—Rot—(R-O-Tea.) ANAGRAMS—Name, Alba, Told, Near, From, Thought, Tale, Silent, Army, Breathe, Town, Before